THE CHRISTIAN OPPORTUNITY

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Archbishop of Canterbury

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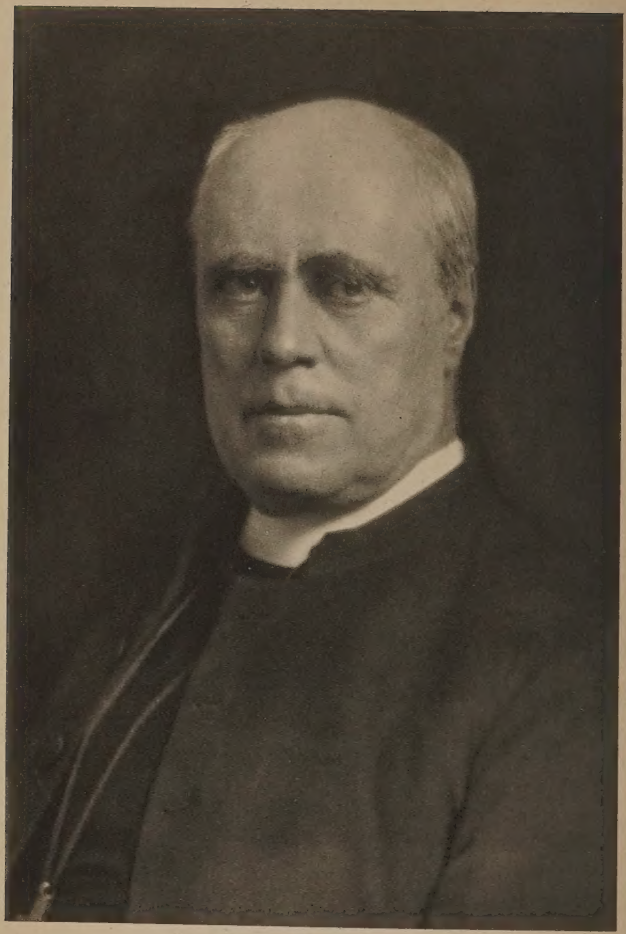

Randall Cantuar:

THE CHRISTIAN OPPORTUNITY

BEING

SERMONS AND SPEECHES DELIVERED IN AMERICA

BY

RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

New York
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PREFACE

I CAN say with absolute sincerity that when I delivered, as the occasion called for them, the sermons and speeches which this little volume contains, I had no thought whatever of their subsequent reproduction in a more permanent form. Hence, in part, their character. Addressed to audiences, different though kindred, hundreds of miles apart, they naturally overlap and cover to some degree the same ground.

The request for their publication took me entirely by surprise, but it came to me from such quarters that to refuse would have been both churlish and ungrateful; the object, as I understand it, being to preserve a memento of occasions which — however inadequately I was able to use them — were some of them unique.

Out of many speeches delivered I have selected a few only, guided partly (since none of them were written) by considerations of the

newspaper reports available, and partly by the general interest of the subject or occasion. Addresses of a more distinctively Ecclesiastical or "Denominational" character were given, *e.g.* in the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, in the Diocesan Convention of New York, and to Deaconesses and other Church workers in various places, but on none of these occasions, so far as I know, were reporters present. I was also privileged to speak in a private session of the House of Bishops.

I should have been glad had I been able, in accordance with several independent requests, to include an address given to the students of Harvard University. No suitable report, however, seems to exist of what I tried to say on that occasion.

My general purport and aim, the thread on which the beads are strung, is indicated by the title which I have chosen.

RANDALL CANTUAR.

Steamship "Cedric,"
in mid-Atlantic,
Oct. 19, 1904.

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I

SERMON PREACHED IN QUEBEC CATHEDRAL ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS CONSECRATION, SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1904

I

Sermon preached in Quebec Cathedral on the Hundredth Anniversary of its Consecration, Sunday, August 28, 1904

"Patience worketh experience, and experience hope."
— Romans v. 3.

The words might stand as the motto and watchword, and not least as the religious watchword, of our Colonial Empire and our Colonial Church. Of that we have a significant object-lesson to-day.

It is assuredly with some diffidence that I stand here this morning to speak to you about that object-lesson.

Some six hours only have passed since — in happy fulfilment of the hopes and dreams of years — I set eyes on Canada for the first time, and I might well perhaps have shrunk abashed from the presumptuous endeavour to

give expression at such a moment to the feelings with which, on this centenary day, your hearts are rightly full. Yet I cannot, I dare not, gainsay what has been eloquently urged upon me by those best qualified to speak — that there is a singular appropriateness in the opportunity, so strangely (as some would say, so accidentally) given to the man who occupies the position assigned to me in our Anglican Church — the opportunity of taking part in the first centenary of the first Anglican Cathedral erected in any Colony of our Empire. It is an occasion of deepest meaning and of happiest association not for Quebec only, not for Canada only, but for the Church of Christ throughout the world, and I esteem it a very high privilege to be allowed to bear my part with you as, together, to-day, we thank God and take courage.

The text I have chosen is one which links in an unbroken chain the past, the present, and the future. *Respice — circumspice — pros-*

pice, look back — look round — look on. Patience — the long patience of the travailing years — worketh "experience" (or "probation"). We come at length to know where we stand, and how, and why. We realise the high purport of our "calling," and the trust given to us by Him who calls. And this knowledge, this "experience," worketh hope. "We shall see greater things than these." Brothers, that is exactly what a Cathedral, what in a very special sense your Cathedral, says. The very essence of a Cathedral, with its central hold upon the Church's life in some great region, and its continuous touch with the successive generations as they pass, is to correlate and to make fruitful the outcome of experience, that experience which "worketh hope," which justifies, that is, large expectation for the days that are to come. This would be true anywhere and anyhow with respect to a Cathedral and its life. But here, within these walls, or within this Cathedral precinct, the thought

is more direct and more imperative still. We whose home is in the older England across the sea; we, for example, of Lambeth, where, morning and evening, we say our daily prayers in the self-same chapel in which such prayers have been said for some seven centuries, may be erroneously supposed at times to look half slightingly upon Christian "antiquities" so modern as the oldest which England's colonies can furnish. To quote eloquent words spoken seventeen years ago in that very Lambeth Chapel by that strong, wise Christian leader, the Bishop of New York, to whose voice we had some of us been hoping to listen to-day: "It may be," he says, "with a mild surprise that kinsmen who count their ecclesiastical history by nearly a score of centuries look on at a new people who make so much of the completion of a hundred years. . . ."

He goes on to point out that a church or a nation — or, let us say, a Cathedral — which is only a hundred years old might possibly

seem to many citizens of Old England to be too new to have a history, or if it have, to have any that is worth remembering.

It is with characteristic courtesy, and even chivalry, that a citizen of the United States thus makes allowance for what would indeed have been, if it existed (and in the mind of one who really thinks I doubt whether it ever does exist), a narrow, an ignorant, and a churlish thought. But if there be anywhere occasions on which such a notion might spring unbidden, at least it cannot come in connection with your historic Quebec or with its Cathedral.

These actual walls, set apart as a consecrated House of God — for the services of our own Church — may be but a century old. But you who know far better than I the varied story of Quebec, are recalling to-day the earlier memories which — in a larger than any technical sense — give imperishable "consecration" to this place, which link it

back, along a chain of quite peculiar pathos and interest, to the work done centuries ago by members of the fraternity of S. Francis of Assisi, and along with them — for a little while at least — to the devoted men who, in a very different "society" — a society whose very name became a catchword for a polity and a behaviour which we condemn — did yet show to the whole world an example of missionary enthusiasm and a steadiness of persevering faith in face of persecution and suffering which, while the world standeth, will encircle with a halo of glory the memory of the Jesuit missionaries of 250 years ago. In the words of the foremost historian of the Colonial Church — an historian of whose own staunch Protestantism none can make question — "At every season and in every place the unwearied French missionary was seen winning his way to the red man's home. Sometimes lost amid the trackless snow or forests, at other

times hurried in his light canoe down some fearful rapid, he perished and was never heard of more. Of some the tidings came . . . that they had met with death more terrible than this, tortured by every art of savage cruelty . . . burnt, or scalped, or starved, or mutilated in every limb. Yet none quailed or faltered. New men instantly pressed on. . . . As we mark the steadfastness of the faith which animated the hearts of Goupil and Jogues and Lallemand and Brebeuf and Daniel in their martyrdom . . . we feel that we should violate the truth . . . did we withhold, or only with niggard and reluctant spirit acknowledge, the praise which is their due."

I need not enter now into the strange story of how it comes to pass that the consecrated spot on which we stand is itself associated with records such as these, records of men from whom, in doctrine and presentment of Christian truth, we differ so

stoutly, but whose missionary story glows with so clear a light. You know it all better than I. The thought that from the then centres of Canadian life and strength and culture, devoted men were constantly giving themselves to the splendid task of bearing light and hope to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death — that thought, that memory should be, nay rather it is, an inspiration to us still in circumstances so different from those in which they wrought — an inspiration and a stimulus to put our strength to-day into the corresponding task of kindling the flame and keeping it aglow in Western fields for those brothers of our own among whom it is likely, but for our care, to flicker and to wane.

It was, however, with other thoughts and aims than these that men set themselves — a hundred years ago — to the erection of this House of God as the centre, for the regions round, of our own form of Christian

worship and of Christian ministry to the souls of men.

Times are widely changed since George III., in 1804, at his own charges, gave this Cathedral to Quebec, and furnished it specially for the celebration of the Sacrament of the Bread of Life and of the "Chalice of the Grapes of God." Those who wrought in the endeavour had perhaps little true notice — as we should judge to-day — of the deep and abiding significance of a Cathedral and its life. We understand it, as we believe, better now. "Patience worketh experience, and experience hope."

I suppose there are still thousands of devout people to whom the primary associations of the word "Cathedral" are those of some vast and time-worn church with "high embowered roof" and long-drawn aisles, and graven monuments of every age. A place — to quote the great New England poet —

> "Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
> Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
> Look down, benignly grave, and seem to say —
> 'Ye come and go incessant: we remain
> Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past:
> Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot
> Of faith so nobly realised as this.'"

It would be not less foolish than false to belittle such thoughts, such inspirations, as these. They are among the most vivid, they ought to be among the most fruitful, of any that can quicken the pulses and tune the prayers of a Christian man. And yet it is true to say that these are of the accidents rather than of the essence of Cathedral life. The main idea which a Cathedral embodies does not depend upon the beauty of its form or the venerableness of its graven story. A Cathedral as a centre of prayer and praise and of manifold Christian activities great and small may have the quiet grandeur and the dim romance of Westminster or Durham, of Canterbury or Ely — or again it may be

absolutely simple, prosaic and unadorned, and yet in its real "gist" do the self-same work for men. What that work is, in its aim and purport, has in these latter years been set forth so often within our Church, on both sides of the Atlantic, by those who are best qualified to speak, that I almost owe you an apology for reminding you of it yet again. And yet, in briefest outline, I should like to try.

"Experience worketh hope." Seven and twenty years ago Edward White Benson became Bishop of Truro. Not yet was the plan drawn or the foundation laid of that noble House of God which in its dignity and grace has given a new glory to the granite and sandstone cliffs of Cornwall, and brought home to all men what a modern Cathedral can be. But at once he set himself — in hope — to tell people what must be done if the work of a Diocese was to be carried on aright. There are, I doubt not, some here

who know the little russet volume in which — ere a stone was laid — he gave to the world his mature thoughts upon what Cathedrals have been in the past and may yet again become. Surely the grace of hopefulness never took truer form than in the quaint "dedication" of that little book. His epigrammatic Latin is characteristically untranslateable, but the sense is baldly this.

"To his reverend brethren, the canons honorary of the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, of Truro: together with the gracious, if still shadowy, presences, even now drawing nigh, of the Chancellors, precentors, and all others who, by the blessing of God, shall hereafter minister therein to the service of Christ's kingdom, this little book is dedicated by their Bishop."

And then, when he was called to draw up the statutes for his new Cathedral, his eye was calmly fixed upon the years and centuries unborn, while in prophetic vision he linked

on their coming work, in a continuous chain, to the work of ancient days. "We have noticed," he says [in his memorable preamble or *proem* to those statutes], — "we have noticed how many ancient statutes . . . set forth the movement of peace and love in such like corporations and religious companies. . . . Not to serve themselves are canons constituted, and not unto itself is the honour of a Cathedral Church. Discord and carefulness of trivial things are the snares by which they are soonest caught and their eyes taken off from the wide wants of the Church of God. Therefore do we reverently and earnestly beseech them to remember the end of their ministry, and always to lay to heart that like as . . . Bishops are to know that their authority in jurisdiction in the Church is mainly committed to them for none other cause than that by their ministry and assiduity the greatest possible number of men may be joined unto Christ, and they

that be Christ's already may grow and be built up in Him, and if any fall away they may be led back to the Shepherd the Lord Christ and be renewed by healthful repentance, so also it hath been witnessed in all times that the clerks of Cathedral Churches ought to coalesce into one body with their Bishop, and bear part in his solicitude."

Did ever man express in words more fit, more dignified, more pithy, the purport and character and aim of the system essential to our Church's life? — the system which makes each Diocese — with the Cathedral as its centre — the unit of our plan for practical progress in the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord; the Cathedral with all that belongs to it striking for us, as it were, recurrently the keynote, and helping us to harmonise what is apt to be our sadly incoherent work, into one forceful strenuous endeavour which is to tell for God and good upon that bit of the world wherein our lines are fallen.

You are familiar with the record of this great Diocese — on since the day, August 12th, 1787, when Charles Inglis, worthy pioneer and pattern of the noble army of the Episcopate of England's Colonies, was consecrated in Lambeth Palace Chapel to be Bishop of Nova Scotia, with Ecclesiastical jurisdiction throughout the illimitable and unexplored regions of Canada as a whole. On to July 7, 1793, when in the same Lambeth Chapel Jacob Mountain — *carum et venerabile nomen* — was consecrated the first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, a diocese then containing some seven clergy at the most, and having even at Quebec no building belonging to the Church of England wherein to conduct her services. On once more to January 1, 1826, when, again on the same time-hallowed pavement, Charles James Stuart became your second Bishop. And so forward and onward through the subsequent years of rapidly increasing responsibilities, activities,

anxieties, and toils, until Quebec becomes, by the grace and guidance of our Lord Himself, no longer a beleaguered outpost of our Church's army, but a centre, a rallying point, and a source of strength — strength worthy of Quebec's fame in war and peace, and of the natural glories of its river-girt home.

"Patience worketh experience, and experience hope." Hope of what? Hope, surely, of seeing the kingdom of Jesus Christ upon earth go forward in the unborn days as populations in our newer lands increase and, with all the answerableness that belongs thereto, our cords are lengthened year by year; hope of seeing more people — be it at home in the old world or here in the buoyant life of the new — more people caring, more people praying, more people working, for whatsoever things are just and pure and lovely and of good report; hope primarily to-day that that may come true here in your fair and famous Quebec, because of what is to go on happen-

ing within these Cathedral walls, because of the sacraments reverently and duly ministered, and because of the prayers worthily offered, and because of the praises adequately and nobly sung, and because of the open Bible in the English tongue, and because of the pure life-giving gospel preached, within a house of God already hallowed by a hundred years of service, and to be hallowed more and more by the constant enrichment of its sacred story as the months and years and centuries run on.

Our poor vision fails as we try to peer eagerly onward into far-off days; days when the main centres of the world's life and energy may be quite other than they are now; when the balance of national forces may perchance have somewhat shifted, and new populations may be doing better mutual service than the old have ever done; when channels of opportunity may lie open of which we at present see nothing; when new prophets may have their

divinely-given scrolls to unfold, and new messages may ring out from Him who in these latter decades has been speaking to us in so many varied ways, and when we may learn better than we now know what it is to be "swift to hear."

Be these changes what they may; come the message clothed in forms that are time-worn and familiar, or in forms whose very freshness shall give their message a new-born power, — we, or those who come after us, will assuredly need, not less than our fathers, to stand upon the old foundation Creed of Him who lived and died and rose again and is alive for evermore. Then, as now, it can and will come true that the God of hope shall fill you and your children and your children's children with all joy and peace in believing. The joy of quiet trustfulness in daily work because we know in whom we have believed; and the joy of calm expectancy, expectancy among all the changes and chances of life, because of that

steady unswerving belief which simply takes possession of the fortress and holds it against every foe. May that belief shape itself in firm resolve that for His sake you will do what in you lies to use aright — to use in such manner as shall be helpful to all around — the Cathedral which has been your possession for a hundred years to-day, and which is the heritage of your children. Here it stands, an abiding and inherent element in the city's stirring life, not remote and isolated from men's "profaner" thoughts, but right in the heart of your common life and duties, its actual shadow falling daily upon the homes of men. Be it thus for all the coming years the very symbol of what our Church must be. It must stand in the very thick of life, and yet must rise above its petty dust and clamours. It must be graver, nobler, than the houses of men, it must point a finger upward in hope. Within its walls the ministry of word and sacrament should be surrounded and helped by all that is worthiest

and most beautiful in the depth and range and dignity of music and of outward form; of all, in short, that reverence and culture can do to make the setting worthy of the jewel which it enshrines. You will look onward to making it nobler and more beautiful as experience grows and holy associations link the sanctuary with the personal joys and sorrows and memories and hopes of each generation of worshippers rich and poor. You will see to it — yes, from to-day you will see to it, will you not? — that whatever is needed for the due maintenance of a Cathedral doing true Cathedral work, shall be forthcoming, not grudgingly or of necessity, but in such ready abundance as to prove the value you assign to these memories and to their fruit.

Above all you will nourish and foster a spirit which shall better and better understand and prize these forces and influences as they tell upon the widening circle whereof a Cathedral Church is but the centre and the exemplar and the guide.

And this you will know, that we in the older home across the sea are rejoicing with you day by day. It is given to those whose work lies at the central "hub" of all to see and realise to the full what elements of power the younger life contributes to the elder as we go forward in one united phalanx — elder and younger both — "from strength to strength, until unto the God of gods appeareth every one of us in Sion."

II

BRIEF ADDRESS AT A SERVICE OF WELCOME AND THANKSGIVING HELD IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF MONTREAL ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1904

II

Brief Address at a Service of Welcome and Thanksgiving held in the Cathedral Church of Montreal on Wednesday, August 31, 1904

Brothers and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ — We are met to-night for united prayer and praise to our Father which is in Heaven — for united aspiration and joint resolve — and my words (it is my own wish as well as yours) are here and now to be but for a moment only.

Probably it is difficult for you to whom I speak to realise what it means for a man whose daily work brings him — so far as pen and ink and paper can — into touch with what is happening in our Church's life all the world over, what it means for such a man to come for once

face to face — upon their own work-field — with friends who, when 3,000 miles away, are so often in his thoughts and prayers.

We are familiar with the words about St. Paul that "When he saw the brethren he thanked God and took courage." Do you remember on what occasion it was that he did so? It was when he met in their own land those brethren across the sea who welcomed him for the first time face to face. He had known of them and cared for them and prayed for them and now he could grip them by the hand and wish them, by word of mouth, God-speed.

Here is now our *Appii forum.* We can see each other face to face, and give the hand-grasp which means so much.

It is when "brother clasps the hand of brother" that together we "step fearless through the night" — make our way bravely onward among the perplexities which all of us, whether in the old country or the new, find

oftentimes so grave and so encumbering. We speak or sing of "stepping fearless through the night," but the word "night" is a misnomer. Dark clouds, no doubt, there are to-day, as in all other days, but there is glory, too, along the whole horizon, and surely they are lights of dawn, not relics of sunset. We are saved — kept safe and strong and buoyant — not by memories of departed glory, but by abounding hope of the life and light which even now grow and glow around us. "We are saved by hope." But the hope must take shape in aspiration, and the aspiration in earnest prayer.

To one whose experiences have hitherto lain wholly in the old world it is almost overwhelming to contemplate the possibilities of the new; possibilities for the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Your — Our — Dominion, on the threshold only of its future glory, springs almost at a bound into the life of a people's vigorous manhood, and among all the beauties of one

of earth's fairest lands founds cities and marts and harbours and wharves for the output of commercial life — marts and harbours fairer than the old world knows. Be it ours to see that, step by step with their creation, their redemption — their redemption — may go forward too. It is creative energy that we see in the workers and pioneers of every sort — commercial, civic, political — whose energies are alike the pride and the support of our Empire's greatness. Brothers and sisters — we do want, we do mean that by the Grace of God the kingdoms of this world shall become — in the truest and most literal sense — the kingdoms of Our Lord and of His Christ.

He is trusting us to set that forward. May we rise each and all to the fulfilment of the great trust, and use to the uttermost our every power, our every opportunity. The strength is — or might be — irresistible — irresistible, because it is united. Old world

and new — irresistible yet more because the strength is His, not ours. So may we win it all for Him, our Lord and Master, Who goeth forth now as ever upon the world's highways conquering and to conquer.

III

SPEECH IN REPLY TO ADDRESSES OF WELCOME FROM THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1904

III

Speech in reply to Addresses of Welcome from the Diocese of Montreal, on Wednesday, August 31, 1904

Brothers and friends, Most Reverend, Reverend, and Lay, I thank you from my heart for the addresses which have been read, addresses as remarkable for the quiet eloquence of their terms as for the earnestness and reality of their every thought. You have struck the very chord which was already vibrating in my heart to-day, the thankful recognition of the mutual relationship which, to the untold good of both, subsists between the Mother Church at home and her daughter in the great Dominion.

May I very briefly and very simply give expression to two thoughts which I find astir

in me to-night? The first is that the world, as the field of our Church's active life, is so much bigger than we used to think it of old. I can show you by a simple object-lesson what I mean. We have happily preserved in our archives at Lambeth not a few bundles, now collected into rather unwieldy scrap-books, containing what may almost be called accidental remnants or specimens of the correspondence, important or unimportant, conducted in some particular year by one or other of my Episcopal predecessors, say a hundred or two hundred or even three hundred years ago. The bundles are of a chance sort, obviously the accidental remains surviving from the letters of the time. But their accidental character has this value, that it enables you to have, as it were, a surprise peep into the sort of thing that was happening at Lambeth and the sort of things which were occupying attention there. Now dip into these bundles or scrap-books, say in

the days of Moore and Manners-Sutton a hundred years ago, or in the days of Tillotson and Wake a hundred years before, or of Bancroft and Laud a hundred years before that, and you will find at all these epochs patent evidence of the same fact. The interest, the responsibilities, the "day's work," of the then Archbishop were almost wholly concerned with the Island of Great Britain. Wake, it is true, in the days of George I. corresponds a little with the French Church, and in the later centuries there is occasional reference to the "plantations" beyond the sea. But, speaking generally, the work, the anxieties, the responsibilities, belong to England — home England — alone. Now dip into the corresponding bundles of Lambeth correspondence at any time you like during the last twenty years, and you find the whole business, or rather the whole atmosphere, different — Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, in daily — literally daily — touch with

Lambeth. And then, superadded to this, all the problems and ramifications of Missionary work far beyond the boundaries of even the Empire itself. One feels at once the necessity for something of the nature of a central pivot — a pivot which takes tangible shape as a man, an Archbishop, round whom the work may spin, and who, if he be nothing more, furnishes at the least (and this perforce) a point of common touch, common information, common life. I am not speaking even indirectly of any question about jurisdiction, however shadowy. I am speaking about a pivot not a pope. But, truly, this at least is certain, that the world, as the common field of our Church's work, is far bigger than of old. That is one thought.

And another is this. How much smaller the world is than it used to be. Those very letter bundles to which I have alluded; how odd it reads to-day to find that every letter sent across the sea was sent in triplicate by

such different ships as might be found, and if ever all the three arrived it was a triumph worth recording. And then the time required and the practical uselessness and almost hopelessness of giving advice by letter when months must pass before the letter could arrive and twice the time perhaps before an answer could come to hand. Contrast that with to-day, say with my own presence here and yet my touch with facts at home, and you will realise how the thought presses on me to-night that the world is far smaller than my predecessors found it to be.

These thoughts would, I suppose, press in, whatever the distant part of the world might be. But here in Canada there is a thought, of course, which you give to us visitors which is peculiarly your own. It is the thought of the big beginnings in the midst of which we stand. We are so obviously in the centre of mighty foundation-works, and the buoyancy of hope almost dwarfs the wonder of the present vision.

Big beginnings indeed they are, and beginnings which we may commit to God with a solemn thought of whereunto they will lead. Perhaps to me personally the wonder and the interest of great beginnings and of new foundings has a peculiar strength. It has been my lot during the last ten years to have successively, as the centre of my work, the two spots in England where our beginnings, the Church and the State, can be most marvellously studied. First at Winchester, with its memories of King Alfred, and of what he founded and planned in the very Wolvesey which still forms part of the Bishop's official heritage: Winchester, with its ancient County-Hall wherein the Parliaments of England were devised and sat: Winchester, with its memories of William of Wykeham and of what he did or rather founded for us all. And then, soaked in the memories or associations of those beginnings, I moved to Canterbury and find my home there. There, where every stone seems voiceful. There,

where Augustine thirteen hundred years ago was laying foundations strong, and wise, and deep: there, where Theodore fashioned our Church's system in so many ways; and Anselm and Stephen Langton and many more contributed each to some new start as the centuries rolled on. The thought — the recurrent thought — is overwhelming. How much turned, how much depended on those men in the making of England and of England's Church, and how mightily beginnings do matter for the world.

And just as on the puny rivulets of Stour or Itchen big beginnings found a place, so now on the great St. Lawrence and on the flowing Ottawa we are allowed to watch, to share, to work for beginnings which are vaster far. Take Canada as one living whole, the illimitable West as well as the elder regions here in the East, and no portion I imagine of the round world can exceed, perhaps can match, its possibilities. The wisest prophets, the most far-

seeing statesmen, bid us direct our eyes hitherward. And for that — for that task, that hope, that accomplishment in the right way, you and we together are responsible. Responsible for the due laying down of the Great Foundation lines. We are trying to realise adequately the bigness of the trust given to us. You have had pioneers who were worthy of the call. The name of Archbishop Robert Machray will be honoured, I believe, long centuries hence as that of a man whom God inspired and enabled to see true visions, to lay down wise lines, to live and work in hope. And he does not stand alone. But we need — you need — to rise deliberately, enthusiastically, loyally to a recognition of the great moment in the world's story, the great place on the world's face, wherein we have been called to work in these foundation acts on which so much will some day turn.

God bless and help you, friends and brothers, in so splendid an emprise.

IV

SERMON PREACHED IN ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, TORONTO, ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1904

IV

Sermon preached in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, on Sunday, September 4, 1904

"Our Citizenship is in Heaven." — Phil. iii. 20.

Brothers and sisters in the Society and Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, a week has passed to-day since I first set foot upon your — our — Canadian soil.

The experience of such a week must of necessity be, to any thoughtful man, a stirring thing. To one who has been allowed the peculiar privileges and opportunities which have with lavish kindness been accorded to myself it is — in the most literal sense of the word — overwhelming. I am not going to try to talk directly about it now. I need time first, to meditate, to weigh, yes, and to pray over, the bigness of its suggestiveness — the range of its illimitable hope.

It is upon a thought more indirect and yet closely associated — for me at least — with the stirring experiences of these seven voiceful days that I would dwell with you for a few minutes this morning.

This question keeps recurring hourly to one's mind: Wherein consists the real underlying strength of the bonds which knit us — in England and in Canada — so indissolubly, and make the oneness so absolute and unshaken a reality?

We use great words and they are full of meaning, about "the imperial idea," and the "moving force of loyalty," and the like. But when we come to analyse it, the thought is a little more difficult to catch and formulate and define than we should at first suppose. We know its enormous strength, its power to flush the cheek and nerve the arm, and a thoughtful man can analyse it. But it is less easy to do so than we quite knew until we have tried the task. I am not going to

attempt it now. I am here to-day as a minister of Christ, simply and unambitiously to preach the gospel of our Lord and Saviour.

But this thought to which I have referred — so recurrent, so absorbing to one who visits a great colony for the first time, suggests to me with an intensity of interest the corresponding thought in our religious life, the life of the whole society of Jesus Christ on earth. The almost omnipotence of the idea of fellowship — loyal and fraternal fellowship — in a great earthly empire such as ours, gives in a parable a living object-lesson to the Christian thought, in itself again a little difficult to define and analyse, our membership, our citizenship in the kingdom and family of our Master Jesus Christ.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints. . . ."

St. Paul puts it more briefly still. "Our Citizenship is in Heaven."

It is a phrase of deepest significance, capable perhaps of more than one meaning. It is difficult to be sure that we understand it rightly. This is an instance in which nobody can possibly deny the gain we have, for English readers, in the revised version of the Bible. Not only had the former words, "Our conversation is in Heaven," lost for thousands of readers their original English meaning, but they had never conveyed the real point of St. Paul's phrase with its quite definite reference to a political citizenship or Commonwealth or Empire. A Roman citizen, proud (we see it again and again in the story of his life) — proud of his privilege — is in custody at Rome waiting his trial by the Emperor. The whole conditions of that trial turned upon his citizenship — and he is writing to men and women in an enrolled Roman Colony, Philippi — who were hardly less proud than he of their Roman citizenship — their fellowship in the Imperial capital of the world.

What he says is, Some Christians, even in these testing days, have been lowering the Christian ideal. They are easy-going or even sensual and self-indulgent. That ought, for us, members of Christ's Commonwealth, citizens of His kingdom, to be impossible. For we have learned better, our link of fellowship is an ennobling thing; it uplifts, it steadies us. "Our citizenship is in heaven." It is a strong sentence to use as regards busy men and women who have a hundred tasks and interests rightly occupying them as their life runs on and the common duties and responsibilities increase with each advancing year. For remember, St. Paul is applying the words not to himself peculiarly — a devotee, a missionary enthusiast, a willing prisoner for his Master's sake. That might have been natural enough, but he puts the words, so to speak, into the mouths of ordinary people, people whom in this very letter he is urging to go on in everyday duties, people who have

and who ought to have family ties and duties, and social ties and duties, and business ties and duties, and civic and public and political ties and duties and responsibilities towards and with their fellow-men every hour of their lives.

Those are the people whom he bids say and feel "our citizenship is in heaven." The words must have had in his view some practical working meaning for them.

Look at it for a moment thus: Suppose we this morning were to try individually to set down for ourselves on paper, or to state to a friend, what we really think about such a phrase, what should we say? Some, I imagine — I am supposing us to be speaking quite honestly — would say: The words were suitable enough then. When St. Paul used them Christians were a little despised band, who had voluntarily forfeited in great degree the ordinary enjoyments and position which other people had and liked. Theirs was a

life, day after day, of stern and complete self-sacrifice. They chose it — they were saints and martyrs. They could rightly use such words. They did feel them. For them, they were true words. But it is different now for us, in a Christian land and among Christian surroundings, and the words must be used in some quite other sense if we use them at all.

And others perhaps would say: The words imply that fervour of religious emotion which we know in the most devout and enthusiastic Christians of all times: St. Augustine, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Francis, Thomas à Kempis, Martin Luther, John Bunyan, John Wesley, John Keble. It is a fervour very beautiful, but beyond me. I cannot attain unto it, and though I acquiesce in or use words of that kind in hymns or elsewhere, they are not natural to me. To speak truly, they are not very real to me. I wish they were.

Now, both these statements or explanations, surely, would have a large element of truth. But if there were no further answer it would be a disappointing admission to make.

Whatever happens, let us be real and say what we mean. Test the phrases we use, see what they actually express for us.

One of the things which sets many robust and honest men against the Christian Faith is the notion that Christian people seem to be asked to say unreal things, and that they get used to doing so. Phrases, for example, which imply that while they are set to live and work here, they ought to be wishing to be elsewhere — to be, in short, in heaven and not here, where at present their work lies. Should anyone urge, "Why, that is exactly what the New Testament does bid us do," he is begging the question. Does the New Testament bid us do anything of the kind? You will fail, I think, to find in it,

from first to last, any such injunction, either direct or indirect, so far at least as concerns the life of ordinary men and women. There are no doubt expressions used by St. Paul himself about "having a desire to depart and to be with Christ." But these, while perfectly suitable and eminently natural in the mouth of "such an one as Paul, the aged," would usually be unsuitable — as he knew well — on the lips of the busy men and women whose lives he was influencing.

Again, it is perfectly true that Christian teachers, down the centuries, have often inculcated the general use of such expressions, and the endeavour to acquire such feelings. But the question is, "Were they right?"

At three different epochs at least in the history of Christendom a wave of enthusiastic feeling swept over great regions of Europe, conveying to men's minds a deep and fervent apprehension that this world was coming immediately to an end — that nothing really

mattered except the duty of preparation, regardless of the present, for the coming "new dispensation" upon earth. In the tenth century one council at the least announced in solemn terms the certainly imminent return of the Lord in judgment. At one period, or more than one, legal documents used to be inscribed with the significant phrase, "The end of the world being at hand," "*Appropinquante mundi termino.*"

In part, this was the natural outcome of what has been called "the transference of the view and aim of the Church from this world to the world to come." A thought which had been borne in with uplifting force and helpfulness upon the minds of sufferers in days of persecution was retained, with a very different result, when the door was open for the Church's unrestricted influence upon the world. Instead of bringing the splendid sanctions of the world beyond the grave to bear upon and to effect the wider and firmer

establishment of justice and love among men here and now, Churchmen made the other world the object of immediate and exclusive longing. Thus the grandeur of the present life and its opportunities came to be dwarfed in the view of the very people who, from their fervour and devotion, might have helped it best. Instance after instance can be adduced of the absence of what we should call patriotism and public spirit on the part of Church leaders. The *Dies Iræ* and the *Hora Novissima* of Bernard of Morlaix were for centuries the outward expression of the inmost thought of no small number of the world's best and most enthusiastic souls, and this could not but tell adversely upon the practical influence of the men who might have been Christian leaders in an even wider and a nobler sense than they were.

Mediæval hymns, written by cloistered saints in phraseology which rang true for those who in the ecstasy of their devotion wrote or sang

them, were adopted — because they had been written by saintly men — for the use of people to whom they were altogether unsuitable, and who never ought to have been asked to use them.

Then again, in the splendid reaction against mere empty worldliness which swept over England in the eighteenth century, under the impulse of a whole series of good men of the type which we know best in William Wilberforce, it came to be customary to expect religious people in their "renunciation" of the world to use these overstrained phrases. We find in an unexpected quarter a curious evidence of this inculcated tone of thought. Adam Smith, the Political Economist, was the very type of a shrewd cool observer of contemporary facts. He was himself scarcely what would now be called a religious man, but he observed and commented upon the religious life around him as upon other things, and, seeing what was before his eyes, this is how he, in the year 1776, speaking simply as a

political economist, comments upon or describes religious teaching — "The institutions," he says, "for the instruction of people of all ages, are chiefly those for religious instruction. This is a species of instruction of which the object is not so much to render the people good citizens in this world as to prepare them for another and a better world in the life to come." [1]

Could we have a clearer instance of the strangely distorted teaching which had become current, and which found expression in so many hymns of that period? It is not so much an exaggeration as an absolute distortion of what is true. Can we, either from the words of Our Lord, or from Scripture anywhere, justify this — that an ordinary worshipper, say a middle-aged business man, the father of a family dependent on him, should be asked to stand up and sing a hymn in which he says — if the words mean anything — that he longs

[1] *Wealth of Nations*, Book V., Chapter I., Article III.

to end his life in this world, to go hence forthwith, and to begin life elsewhere in Heaven? Not only does he not mean what he says, — if he uses such phrases, — but it would be wrong if he did mean it; and to hear the words thus glibly said or sung would be almost ludicrous, if it were not so sad and so perilous.

Is anyone inclined to urge that a like objection might be offered to the lofty words of prayer and praise which mark some of the best-known and best-loved Collects of our Prayer Book? There, too, it often happens that the words are, so to speak, above our heads: that they breathe a fervour of faith, a strength of purpose, a depth of penitence, to which we feel, perhaps despondingly, that we can lay no claim. Perhaps so, but we can at least reach after it, and endeavour to make the words ring true, for they are — and herein lies just the difference — what we ought to be able by degrees to learn to make our very own.

Their spirit is one of eager and practical resolve, all the more stimulating, perhaps, if it be expressed in a form which will not become our own without sustained and prayerful effort. The difference is surely wide between taking our share in worship couched in words loftier and more fervent than ours would be — and, on the other hand, using phraseology which is not unnatural only, but for most of us unsuitable in a high degree.

Now, does this seem to anyone to mean that St. Paul's words as they stand, "Our citizenship is in Heaven," are not for us? God forbid. Rightly understood they are, I had almost said, the very password of our Society, the very motto of our Faith.

Our fellowship with one another here is part of something larger than this world can limit or restrain. Our real citizenship in that larger nobler "kingdom" or "commonwealth" has links, has hopes, has laws, which are, or may be, simply everything to us every day.

It has links and bonds. I have referred to the marvellous force and helpfulness of what we call loyal fellowship, be it in an Empire, or (in smaller ways) in a college, or a school, or most of all, perhaps, a family. The loyal caring for our Community, as such, is — it is here if anywhere the tritest common-place to say it — an uplifting, a stimulating force. But some of those links — and the more personal they are the more inevitable is the experience — come to be broken or weakened for most people as life runs on. Very few of us retain even in middle age the full friendships or companionships of early years. How constantly it happens that the success or the prominence or the fame which comes to a man in life comes only after those who would most have cared to see it — and to whom it would have brought the keenest pleasure — have passed away. But once let a larger view of fellowship and mutual answerableness come in, citizenship in the kingdom which Christ

founded on earth to go on beyond earth: fellowship in a living society which outlasts time and in which what we call "death" is an important incident and no more, and at once we gain strength of an utterly new kind —a bond unbreakable. Fellowship, not a whit less real, with those sundered from us in earth's workfields, and fellowship with those who, as we express it, have "passed away," but have not really passed outside the range of our caring and our love; fellowship too with those still alive and here, whose lives, whose surroundings, whose homes, are so unlike ours, that we find it difficult to be in touch with them, till we discover a nobler union and fellowship in the oneness of the deeper things, which float us above the petty sunderings of daily circumstance and chance and change. Our citizenship, our commonwealth, is in Heaven, Christ's "Kingdom of Heaven" here and hereafter, including all sorts and conditions of men — the ten talents

and the five talents and the two. Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.

And next, the hopefulness of it! How the disappointments of life multiply as the years run on! The sight of lives that we love being miserably wasted, while we seem powerless to prevent it, wasted for lack of grit and grip and force of character, wasted because, as we put it, "circumstances have led them wrong," and so on. And then on the other hand, the "premature" deaths as they seem to us, when those whose springtime has been most full of promise pass out of sight before their summer has well begun; the utter mystery, the saddening, the dispiriting perplexity of all these things, but for the larger hope. "Our citizenship is in Heaven."

> "There the work of life is tried
> By a juster judge than here."

One who knows the value of each endeavour even if it has failed in its accomplishment, One

who knows the real drawback of every disadvantage, and sees and understands it all. And in His Kingdom, and under His eye, and in His keeping, "We are safe and they." Our real fellowship and citizenship is in Heaven, with its fuller work, its larger and more varied field, its fresh responsibilities and nobler opportunities, as we believe, for the completion and fulfilment of the powers which we have only begun to use while here.

And, lastly, our citizenship has nobler laws. When we were baptized into that Kingdom, or when, subsequently, upon our confirmation day, we of our own choice claimed our full heritage therein, we became loyally subject to those larger nobler laws.

It is, I think, worth while sometimes to set alongside of one another in outline, first, the laws of our country upon some of the great moral duties which can be enforced by a Christian State, and then the laws or principles

which, on the same subjects, are laid down by our Christian Society as such, and are equally obligatory upon us who are members of that Society.

For example, the laws of our country enjoin and even enforce — to a degree that is sometimes forgotten — the moral duties of Honesty, of Purity, of Temperance, and of charitable care for the poor and sick.

They do this up to a certain point and no further. For example, as regards honesty: the State says, You shall not cheat, you shall not forge, you shall not unduly adulterate the goods you sell, you shall not violate a written contract, and so on.

But the law of Christ, the law of Christ's Society, — the Society, remember, to which you and I belong, and to whose laws or principles we have pledged our allegiance, — lays down with equal clearness certain further injunctions or principles in this matter of honesty quite outside the State's compulsory

rules; for example, the duty of straightforwardness and truthfulness, of scrupulous fairness in every controversy, and of quiet deliberate consideration for the other side.

Or again, as regards what we distinctively call social and domestic purity. The law of the land forbids certain gross violations of the marriage bond, certain specific offences against helpless children, and a few other notable misdeeds, among them the publication and sale of grossly indecent literature. And there it stops. But there the Christian law, or the Christian principle, — and remember again that we have voluntarily accepted its obligation, — does not stop. Christ's Society, whereof we are members, bids us use the strength of manhood to shield from harm every woman and girl in the land. It bids us denounce the miserable, the contemptible cowardice of that kind of vice, and it upholds absolutely and quite unreservedly the same standard of purity for woman and for

man. Such is the citizenship to which we are pledged.

Turn to what, with a curious limitation of its real meaning, we call Temperance. The law of the land prohibits gross excess when it results in disorderly behaviour outside the home, and it tries further to restrict the range and deadliness of temptation to such excess. But there it stops. Our Society, the further commonwealth to which we not less truly belong, makes it obligatory upon every one of us to learn deliberate stern self-restraint in every region of life wherein there is practical peril of the lower, the more animal side of him becoming even for a passing hour the master. The man who rides with a loose rein where the appetite — whatever its form — may be prone to get the better of him is simply disloyal to the Society of Christ under whose obligation he has pledged himself to serve. To sin thus is, in the true sense of the word, profane. "Know ye not that ye are the

Temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" "Our citizenship is in Heaven."

And once more: in our care for the helpless and the poor. The law of the land limits itself to providing that none shall, if the authority can help it, starve — none shall be utterly untended in grave sickness — none shall grow up wholly ignorant and unfitted for the work of life. The law of Christ — the rule of our higher citizenship — steps in and transforms the whole obligation into something different: all that is meant by saying, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

It lays upon us the absolute obligation of seeing that no little lad or maiden in the land shall, if we can help it, grow up ignorant of the splendid heritage into which he or she was born — the heritage of the citizenship of the Kingdom of Heaven.

I have done. My aim has been to remind you of a living bond of loyalty, and fellowship, and service, which we are apt I will not say to overlook but to deem less practical, less binding, than it really is. "You may depend upon it"—it has been lately said by a great teacher—"you may depend upon it that you cannot be Christians by mere tradition or mere respectability. You will have to choose to be Christians. Let the figure of Christ, our Master, personal and living as of old, be before your eyes. He lays upon you a claim of service, varying as His vocations are various, as your faculties are various. If you will to be His disciple He will enrich your life, He will purge it of its pollution, He will conquer your lusts, He will enlighten your mind, He will deepen in you all that is generous and rich and brotherly and true and just. He will make your life worth having, yes, increasingly worth having, as you gain an experience of His power and His love even to the end. . . .

At the last He will purify and perfect and welcome you. Only do not make the fatal mistake of imagining that your life is Christian anyhow, or that it can be Christian by any other process than by your deliberate and courageous acceptance of the law of Christ, because you desire to be His disciple." Our citizenship is in Heaven.

V

SPEECH TO THE CANADA CLUB AT TORONTO, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1904

V

Speech to the Canada Club at Toronto, Monday, September 5, 1904

[The Canada Club consists of the young professional men of Toronto. Its aim is to secure the proper discussion of public affairs. The Club meets every Monday during the season from 1 to 2 P.M., when, after a short luncheon, an address is given by some selected speaker. On the occasion of the Archbishop's visit about 500 men were present, representing the younger merchants, lawyers, ministers of religion, manufacturers, tradesmen, and other professional men of the city.]

It is with no ordinary feelings of diffidence I rise to thank you for the reception you have just accorded to the kindly introduction of me which has been given from the chair. Since I set foot on Canadian soil, some eight days ago, it has fallen to me, not infrequently to say the least, to have the privilege of returning thanks for the kindly welcome I have received. But the task has its difficulties, for my time has

necessarily been spent rather in an endeavour to solve the problem of perpetual motion than in getting the opportunities I should desire of quietly thinking over what I have seen, and thanking adequately those who have shown it all to me. I feel that diffidence more at this moment than on any other occasion, because I recognise the huge importance of the gathering to whom I am now privileged to speak. It is important, not so much for to-day or to-morrow, as for the years that are to come.

I am, of course, not stupid enough to suppose that such a welcome as this is in any narrow sense a personal thing. I know, further, that it is not connected with any denominational considerations, and that what you desire is, as your Chairman so admirably put it, to give the kindliest welcome which you can to one who is necessarily from his position a somewhat prominent citizen of the empire, who has large responsibilities connected with our common life, and who certainly desires —

there at least I can speak from my heart — to do what in him lies to make that common life, either in the old country or in the new, a worthier and ever worthier thing. I must honestly confess that my experience in this eventful week leaves me a little dazed. My thoughts are somewhat tangled just at present, and I want time to comb them out. But they will be combed out; I am looking in this week that has begun for a little quieter time for that most necessary process, and then I honestly hope that what I have learned in these, to me, incomparable days of new experience, may by God's grace, somehow or other, be fruitful of good in the present as well as for the days to come.

To me the occasion of my first visit to your shores is simply brimming over with interest, and if what I have to say seems to you, as it well may — I am speaking quite honestly — inadequate to such an occasion, if I seem to have failed to strike some new or large

thought, it is simply because again and again there comes up to me the recurring strain, the old thought by which everyone must be inspired from the first moment he sets foot in this great Dominion, of the things that are yet to be, the days of which you to whom I speak will in the large preponderance of cases see a great deal more than we older men can hope to see. I do not know whether any of those who sit around me at this table will try the task of defining the audience to whom I am allowed to speak just now, my generous hosts of to-day, but there are certain elements in the composition of this great gathering which are apparent and which require no definition. In the first place, most of you are young; in the next place, most or all of you are keen — at least I imagine there are few, if any, in this room who are not keen — in their loyalty to the great Empire of which we are members.

You, then, to whom I speak are, for the

most part, young. So is the twentieth century. I honestly believe from my heart that the twentieth century will be, in all that goes to make life worthiest, the greatest century that the world has yet seen. I am one of those who have always found myself able, conscientiously and straightforwardly, to take the bright and hopeful view of the coming days. Is there any other page of the world's story, is there any other portion of the world's surface, which we would rather have lived in, than the age in which God is trusting us with the years that we are to spend, or the land in which we are privileged to dwell? I do believe that men at large are trying both in England and in her colonies to fulfil the sacred trust which I unhesitatingly believe has been given them, and to rise to the opportunities which lie before them, and by God's grace to use them to the full. I envy you as young men for the chance you have, the opportunities that may be yours of living on

into the time, say twenty or thirty years hence, when you will be at your best and we shall be gone, and when the opportunities that we have thought so rich and manifold will be dwarfed, alike in their extent and in their variety, by the opportunities which I honestly believe will then be yours. By the time you are a little balder, a little stouter, and a little shorter in the wind than you find yourselves to-day, I believe you will have had in your hands opportunities for setting forward the well-being of the world, whereto our past experience furnishes no parallel at all.

If, as is true, we are set to stand and fight "in the foremost files of time," I think it is true to say that we are trying to use to the best of our ability that power which even the best of us have failed to employ to the full, but which men are learning to employ better, the power to take advantage of the opportunities which multiply from day to day. Surely it is true that men nowadays are speak-

ing more wisely and largely about these things, speaking and thinking of our Imperial responsibilities and of our local responsibilities in a tone which shows that we are keen to use them to the best for the sake of all. If that is to be done, in my belief one of the principles which must be held fast by those whose busiest and most important hours still lie ahead is that they should prepare for it not — it may seem a strange expression, perhaps — not too definitely, not in a too utilitarian way, not thinking simply "what I must do that will pay," but "what I must do to become, by God's help, as fit a man as possible all round for whatever responsibilities may come to me in the years, if there be years, which lie ahead."

When I was a very little boy I was taught English grammar from a little book which I have never seen since. It had as a frontispiece a picture of a rather fantastic little lad riding a white pony, and under the picture were two lines —

"Let syntax be your constant guide
So shall you on a pony ride."

I confess that in those days I did not clearly see the connection between syntax and horsemanship, but I have since come to believe that the poet, whoever he was, was right, and that genuine pains taken to do rightly the immediate thing, will fit us best for whatever may come afterwards, however different it be.

In this Dominion if anywhere on earth, you people are set to go forward in laying wisely, largely, and, whether you like it or not, widely, the lines on which is hereafter to be builded what is bound to become a mighty nationality before many generations have passed. Of course there are and will be abundant difficulties in the way. There are hampering things which belong to a new country because it is new, just as there are hampering things belonging to an old country because it is old. But those difficulties, those hampering things,

are there to be overcome, to be conquered. They have been met and conquered before, and, please God, they will again. Your loyalty to our common Empire and all that it implies has been proved to the uttermost. It is a sacred thing. It means something very different from singing patriotic songs or waving little flags. It is a God-given force, a God-given trust. Rise to it, men and boys, and your strength will multiply in the using. You know in how strange a way these complex responsibilities arose. They came about gradually, quietly, almost unintentionally. England, it has sometimes been said, became a world-wide Empire in a fit of absentmindedness. At all events, be that as it may, the responsibility is ours now. It means not "acquisitiveness," but the right use of opportunities — and opportunities when truly understood prove to be not of our making, but of God's. Somehow or other it has come about that ours seems to be the one people which has proved itself able

continuously and increasingly to bear "the white man's burden."

> "One isle, one isle
> Which knows not its own vastness."

A couple of hundred years ago there was, as we know, not only a Greater Britain, but a Greater Spain, a Greater Portugal, a Greater France, a Greater Holland. And now? The Greater England almost alone remains, and the answerableness for its well-being and its advance in all that makes a people strong, that answerableness, gentlemen, is ours, is in no small part yours. Somehow or other in the unrolling of the world's modern story and the apportioning of the trusts God gives to the different nations there has been apportioned to us a power which other nationalities have not possessed, a power I will not say of governing and ruling, but of holding, for the general bettering of the world, large tracts of its surface, and of holding them continuously and

well. We have learned the meaning of all this better in England in the last twenty years than we had ever learned it before. It is hardly too much to say that it first flashed upon us in its fulness in the great Jubilee of 1887, when the gathering throngs from every part of the earth illumined for us the meaning of a world-wide brotherhood and Empire. Then with the Diamond Jubilee, ten years later, came another object lesson along the same line, and the people, who had had ten years to digest the lesson of 1887, received the idea afresh with responsive enthusiasm and came to realise what it meant. Then in South Africa these thoughts and aspirations were cemented in the life-blood of brave men, and at last, greatest force of all, came the passing of the great Queen.

Three years and a half ago I was one of those who took part in that memorable pageant which crossed the waters of the Solent at sunset on a February day, and carried the loved

remains of the sovereign, whom the whole Empire had venerated, to her last resting place, and as we passed through the long line of mighty battleships that kept the few miles of passage across the calm water, I was standing with a group of men who were speaking together on the deck about what it all meant. What struck us most was not the booming of the guns from the great ships, as the little black cortège passed, but it was rather the echoes that were coming to us of the voice which was running round the world, of how the whole Empire in its every part was absolutely at one in that hour. It was what was meant by the tears thus widely shed, the loyalty thus quietly and feelingly expressed throughout the world, and the making of our own forever of the idea of sacred responsibility which had come into being during the single life of her whom we were bearing to her grave, and had grown to its full strength as a thought which had come to stay. I believe that to be a true fact in

modern history, one which is brimful of significance for all of us, and above all for you. For if you have come into your inheritance of power and responsibility with your growing manhood to-day, it is at a time when the Empire as a whole has realised what it and its greatness means, and it will be for you to make that answerableness bear fruit, in a worthy and ever worthier life of your own. I believe that can come true, and I think it will, and I stand here before you to-day, and say, and I cannot help saying, that there is no more necessary subject for our thoughts and our prayers than that fruit may be given to the growth of that idea of answerableness and responsibility; and assuredly there is no work-field in the world in which that fruit can be more profitably cultivated or the trees can bear it more abundantly than in the vast, the illimitable tracts of the Dominion to which you belong.

Your great land impresses everyone who sees it for the first time with an almost over-

whelming sense of its latent undeveloped powers. It is a country of mighty beginnings. None can think that you have reached maturity or anything like it. Look ahead twenty, fifty, a hundred years, and think what those beginnings will have meant. I take courage from the idea of the great power, forcefulness, character, and deep down probity of life which have on the whole, and in spite of many failures, characterised the onward march of the British people. We feel thankful to believe that under the guiding hand of God that is going to come true also in the coming years and in this land. Set your hands, brothers all, to that task, and depend upon it it will not be in vain. First learn to care, then to think, then to resolve, then to put that resolve into action. God bless you and God speed you in the task.

VI

SERMON PREACHED AT NORTH EAST HARBOUR, MAINE, ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1904

VI

Sermon preached at North East Harbour, Maine, on Sunday, September 11, 1904

[The Sermon was reproduced in the American magazine, *The Outlook*, whose editors prefixed to it the following note: "The Archbishop of Canterbury, spending his first Sunday in the United States at North East Harbour, as Bishop Doane's guest, preached in the quiet country church there his first sermon on American soil, to a very large and very representative congregation of summer residents and of the people living there all the year round. Being sure that it has not only its own inherent value but additional interest as the first sermon preached by the Archbishop in America, *The Outlook* has secured the privilege of presenting the sermon to its readers. — The Editors."]

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

— Romans xiv. 7.

Familiar words, with a familiar explanation. We usually explain them as meaning: Don't be selfish; think of other men's needs, other men's opinions — if need be, other men's prejudices; and beware in any of these ways

of causing wrong or pain to those for whom Christ died. But the words are capable of even wider meaning. No doubt, as they came at first from the hand of the Apostle, with their message of warning and encouragement to the little band of timid, down-trodden people, not very clever or far-seeing, who formed the Christian congregations in some of the poorest streets of Rome, they had a very simple meaning. Live in peace; bear and forbear; think of one another's difficulties, and let your whole life be governed by the law of love. But we, who look at them now after so many Christian centuries, can give the words a larger range. We see in them a recognition of the different brotherhoods of all kinds which mark limits local or historical in the world's life — brotherhoods which link separate times as truly as separate places. It is this thought of the linking on of one generation to another in the bands of Christian brotherhood that I would, in the very simplest

way that I can, dwell upon for a few minutes this morning.

The Bible, from first to last, calls attention to the privileges and responsibilities thus handed on with accumulated knowledge and experience and power. The whole Old Testament speaks of it in the slow unrolling, bit by bit, of God's message to man, and the New Testament story throws back a rich light upon the Old, and hands on the heritage with a new meaning to an infinitely wider circle. On each generation, ever since, in the old world and in the new, has been laid the task of keeping strong and pure and bright the little bit entrusted to its keeping in the long chain of human history.

This sort of brotherhood is always difficult to realise in its fulness. We are often told, though personally I doubt it, that it is specially difficult in our own day. Certainly the stir and whirl of modern life, say in America, or even in England, concentrate most people's thoughts

upon the present hour. It was said the other day by a generally observant writer that English working-men have quite ceased to care about the past, and that they regard appeals to history as the stock-in-trade of the impostor or the obscurantist. I feel certain myself that this is not true in England. I should be sorry to believe it to be true here; but if it were to become true, it would be an evil day for the lands we love. The peril, however, is not imaginary. It exists, and we must be on our guard against it. We all know the familiar though very flimsy gibe, "Why should I care for posterity? What has posterity ever done for me?" If that poor scoff is worth answering, I would answer it thus: Posterity has done very much for me if it inspires me to maintain a high standard of life and honour for the sake of those who shall come afterwards. It is only thus that we can see the true worth of human effort. There is an isolation, a terrible isolation, about the present if we sunder it from what has gone

before and from what comes after. The vapid copy-book headlines about "the vanity of human wishes," and so forth, would be profoundly true but for our links with past and future. Take almost any human life by itself and it is an unsatisfactory thing — we might almost say a failure — so far as its work goes.

A man achieves, as people put it, some great position of influence or authority, say that of a great general or a prominent statesman, or perhaps the leadership of a vast republic. If we could see his inner thoughts, we should find in most cases how little there is about it which really gives him, on that account, the sort of pleasure which men suppose him to be feeling. To some it would doubtless have given infinite pleasure to see him there. To his father or his mother the sight would have been one of intense joy, but in nine cases out of ten their eyes are closed in death before he has been called to the work or the trust which would have made them so happy. Or, again, how

rarely does a man actually see the fruit of his own laborious toil! Few passages in Holy Scripture are more pathetic than that which describes the old man Moses looking from Pisgah upon the Promised Land which he was not to enter. But it has its parallel every day in the history of the world. To labour and not to see the end of our labours, to sow and not to reap, is a law so common in the highest characters of history that none can be said to be altogether exempt from its operation. Some of you may remember how this thought is applied by the poet Cowley to Francis Bacon, who

"Did on the very border stand of the blessed promised land,
And from the mountain-top of his exalted wit
Saw it himself and showed us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer too."

Still more is it true of the many reformers, martyrs, and missionaries — John Huss, William Tyndale, Francis Xavier, John Howard, and

many more — who have died on the threshold of their reward in hope, not in possession.[1] The reason why no thinking man regards such lives as wasted is because the work goes on in its results perhaps beyond the highest dreams of the worker himself. "Show Thy servants Thy work," says the Psalmist, "and their children Thy glory." Or, as John Wesley puts it, "God buries His workmen, but carries on their work." "*None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.*"

It is this sense of continuity which gives no small part of its dignity and force to human life. As a people advance in thoughtfulness and all that we call civilisation, they constantly realise these facts the better. Primitive and savage tribes feel after such a truth and perhaps grope their way towards it. Do you remember the story which Bede, our English chronicler, tells us about the birthtime of Christianity in northern England? Paulinus,

[1] See Stanley's *Jewish Church*, Part I., Lecture viii.

the Missionary Bishop, has gone in and out for a year among the forests and moors of Northumbria, and at last the heathen King Edwin calls a council of his chieftains to learn what they think about the new messenger and his message. Among the chieftains is one old man who answers the King's question thus: "I will tell you, O King, what methinks man's life is like. Sometimes when your hall is lit up for a supper on a wild winter's evening, and warmed by a fire in the midst, a sparrow flies in by one door, takes shelter for a moment in the warmth, and then flies out again by another door, and is lost in the darkness. No one in the hall sees the bird before it enters, nor after it has gone forth; it is seen only while it hovers near the fire. Even so, I ween, is the brief span of our life in this world: what has gone before it, what will come after it, of this we know nothing. If the strange teacher can tell us, by all means let him be heard."

This sturdy chieftain's words, as describing

the message of Christianity, the message of Christ, had a wider meaning than the speaker knew, and the rough people did listen and accept the message, and their children reaped rich fruit before half a century had gone. Different nations have expressed the thought in very different ways. We have all read of the old Greek torch-race. It seems to have had many forms and perhaps more than one meaning, but the most significant of its shapes was this: A band of youths from one tribe contended against a band of youths from another. The runners of each tribe were stationed at intervals along the course. A lighted torch was handed to the first runner, who was bidden to carry it at topmost speed to the next, while maintaining it still alight. He in his turn passed it on until the goal was reached, and the tribe was winner whose torch-bearers first reached the goal with the torch still brightly burning. It is in such a picture form that we gather the best sense of the word "tradition"

— the handing on unspoiled the heritage of accumulated knowledge which has come to us from other hands. We can see it in the constitutional history of more than one land, in the records of architecture, perhaps of music, certainly of theology. Or see it again in a more common-place aspect in our conventional social rules. Some of these may seem at times unmeaning, or rigid, or even harmful; but so far at least as they are rules meant to safeguard the purity of our homes, the innocence of our children, and the avoidance of slander and the like, we shall find, if we trace them to their source, that they have grown out of the long experience of men and women face to face with these temptations, who felt the need of a safeguard and have made one and handed it on. Those who have seen most of life and understand its troubles best will be the last, I think, to wish to see some of these rules set at naught. We all rebel against a truism or a common-place, and forget that it has become so

simply because it is a truth repeated till it is inwrought in human experience and needs repetition no more.

Now look at all this practically for ourselves. We, English-speaking men and women, set to live in the twentieth century — not in the first, or fourth or sixteenth, or any other — hold a rich heritage, infinitely varied, and adapted for our daily use. It is not of our making; it has come to us as it is; our part is to pass it on, not merely unimpaired, but, if it may be, enhanced in value and in power. Look at two of its characteristics.

In our countries, on either side of the Atlantic, it is—as I, at least, deliberately believe, although I know that many would differ from me—a time of abundant thoughtfulness about sacred things. There is a wholesome unreadiness on our part to make our own without consideration the beliefs to which other men in former days have come. We desire to test and try the things before we hold or profess them;

and this is well: there is much strength belonging to such days of testing and trying. People are afraid sometimes of the peril which comes from the very fact of unbelief even before it has touched themselves. It is said that in great prairie fires men have died at times from breathing the burning air long before the flames were really near them. And people dread a like disaster in the regions of our faith. But remember, if our creed be true, it is able, to say the very least, to stand whatever test can fairly be applied to it. We have no sort of right to be frightened because things dear to us are openly assailed. Think rather of the tree which grows the stronger for the testing gales, if so be that its roots have struck deep into the soil and that the soil is firm and true. I believe with all my heart that the Christian faith, as we hand it on to our children, will be a yet stronger, a nobler, and a manlier thing than the same faith was when we inherited as little children its priceless gift.

God has trusted us with it, and He bids us hold it and transmit it, not merely safe but with gathered strength, to be used in joy and sorrow by the generations yet unborn.

And again, we are living in an age when human sympathy has grown to be a more intelligent thing. We are learning, as it seems to me, to go back more and more, notwithstanding complexities and difficulties, the like of which the world has never seen, to the methods of the first Christian days — nay, to the methods, we say it reverently, of our Lord and Master Himself. How did Christ speak to human sorrows and human poverty and human sickness and despair? Not, as has been said, in the mere grandeur of kingship, King though He was, as from a throne of purple and gold; not roughly, like a policeman who bids misery clear the way; not patronisingly, like the hard sort of good people who have perhaps never been tempted in some directions themselves, and

who, to quote the words of a great preacher, "drop down loving texts into the sinner's sore with such acidulated accents of severe virtue that the wound smarts and throbs afresh; not sentimentally, like — well, like the feeble folk who write sad stories for little children which harden the hearts they are intended to touch." Not thus, but by coming into personal touch with the distorted leper, or the proud Pharisee, or the despised publican; by holding out, not a mere gift, but a loving human hand, to the prodigal, and the sin-stained, and the broken-hearted.

What we have got to do is to find out what our inheritance is, to care for it to the very uttermost, and to hand it on the better and the nobler for our keeping, though we may not foresee into what hands it will go, or to what use they will learn to turn it. Those things we cannot tell. Look back a hundred years and consider how little our grand-sires either in the United States or in England were able

to foresee the particular needs and trials and perplexities of to-day. We are in like measure ignorant about those who will fill our places a generation or two hence; but we can take our inheritance in faith and in full assurance that the Lord who has helped us will help them too. "O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us what Thou didst in their days and in the old time before them. O Lord, arise, help us and deliver us for Thy name's sake." The responsibility that is laid upon us is a weighty one, whether in great things of public life or in the smaller things of every day. The strength of our common life depends upon the strength, the purity, of our ordinary homes. Just in proportion as we can make our homes what they ought to be in intelligent, thoughtful faith, in quiet courage, in absolute purity of word and deed, just so are we fulfilling the trust now placed in our hands for the benefit of others whom we cannot see. "None of

us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

One word more. We have spoken mainly of things which lie on the border-line between matters of religious belief or sacred loyalty to our Lord and Saviour and matters of ordinary kindliness and earnestness and good faith. But remember how intensely true the words are in connection with the most solemn calls of our holy faith and its observance.

It is when our faith in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is quietly expressed in daily action that it can and does bear fruit in and tell upon the faith and life of other men. The man who should definitely regulate his religious life and devotion with the thought mainly before him of how he will thus by example be influencing other people is, I think, approaching the whole question from a wrong side, and is in grave danger of doing positive harm first to himself and then to others. But it remains true that in this, as in other matters, "No man

liveth to himself," and that the attitude he visibly and habitually takes in religious matters must, whether he wishes it or not, tell, for good or ill, upon those about him. How infinitely that enhances the importance of what every one of us believes and does!

And as with our individual lives, so, too, with the corporate life and words and acts of the Church or of any branch of it. To some of us an object-lesson makes the thought strike in with special pungency to-day. Nearly four hundred years have passed since certain English Churchmen wise, learned, earnest, and eminently devout, set themselves to compile from earlier sources — which they purified and enriched as they handled them — the English Prayer Book, substantially as we have been using it this morning. No man liveth to himself, and no generation or society of men. What would those compilers have said if some seer had foretold that their prayerful handiwork was to form the basis, and more than the

basis, of a Prayer Book which should, in its great features, outlast the shocks of change and chance, and which should be gratefully used by the Churchmen of a mighty nation then unborn, peopling a mysterious continent thousands of miles away?

And you, who, with all the fruit of men's long experience to help you, and with all the holy enthusiasm and large freedom of a younger nation, have, in these latter days, worthily enriched that Prayer Book afresh, can you now even dream whereunto it all may grow? and how, by your work, our children's children may better and more reverently use and understand and prize the holy sacraments of our souls' health, and the daily prayers in which our best and highest aspirations find ennobling utterance. It is but an object-lesson, but it is a notable and a sobering and an inspiring object-lesson of what is eternally true, that "God fulfils Himself in many ways," and that "none of us liveth to himself." Suffer

these words, I pray you, from one to whom his first Sunday in your great country is a moving and a stimulating occasion brimful of suggestiveness and hope, and accept at his hands a grateful blessing and a brotherly God-speed.

VII

"SALUTATION" AT WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1904

VII

"Salutation" at Washington, Sunday, September 25, 1904

[This "Salutation" formed the central point of a great service "on behalf of Christian Unity" held at Mount St. Alban, Washington, the site of the future Cathedral. The scene was a natural amphitheatre formed by the slope of the hill overlooking the City of Washington. Careful observers, official and non-official, calculated that not less than 35,000 persons were present. It was a beautiful summer day, and every arrangement had been made with careful attention to details. The feature of the service was the reverent behaviour of the vast crowd and the singing of the hymns to well-known tunes led by the Band of the Marines and a choir of 500 voices. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Albany, and the Archbishop's "Salutation" followed. On the platform were ten American Bishops and a large body of the Ministers of other Religious Bodies in the City of Washington.]

My Friends: I am called upon and privileged to give you on this great occasion — great, at all events, to me — what the paper in your hands calls a "salutation." I give it to you from a full heart, in the holy name of Him

whom, amid all our differences, we serve, our living Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

It is not a little thing to me to be allowed in that name to greet you here — here at the very pivot and centre of a national life which for 130 years has had "liberty" as its watchword, and for more than forty years has everywhere striven to make the word good. A vision rises before our eyes to-day whereunto this thing, with all that it implies, may grow. It has been given to us English-speaking folk, in the manifold development of our storied life, to realise in practice more fully than other men the true meaning of liberty — the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Be it ours to recognise that such knowledge is in itself not a heritage only, but a splendid and sacred trust. The trust must be determinedly and daily used — used amid all the changes and chances of life to the glory of God and the immeasurable good of men. For that reason we want here, where the heart of your great nation

throbs and sends its pulses through the whole, to keep raised overhead the banner of Him who has taught us these things, our master, Jesus Christ. The principles He set forth are ours because they are His. He taught us that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. He taught us that society exists for the sake of the men and women who constitute society. He taught us that surrender even of individual rights for the sake of Christ is nobler than defence of privilege.

> "We must be here to work,
> And men who work can only work for men,
> And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
> Humanity, and so work humanely,
> And raise men's bodies still by raising souls."

These are ideals, but they are Christ's ideals, and therefore they can come true. We mean, please God, that they shall. We from across the sea join hands with you in the endeavour to translate them into accomplished fact —fact, not fancy. What we are aiming at

and striving after is a plain thing, the bettering of people's lives, to make homes purer and men manlier, to uplift the weak and wayward and to trample under foot what is selfish and impure; to make certain that every one of Christ's children shall learn to know the greatness of his heritage, and shall have an ideal before him, an ennobling ideal of worship and of work. Christ charges us with that; we are trusted to work for Him among those for whom He died. No other period of Christendom can compare with ours in the possibilities which are set within our reach. No other part of Christendom, as I firmly believe, can do for the world what we on either side of the sea can do for it if we only will. God give us grace to answer to that inspiring call.

VIII

SPEECH TO THE MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1904

VIII

Speech to the Members of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Friday, September 30, 1904

[The brotherhood of St. Andrew is a Society of Churchmen. The aim of the members is to lay stress, by personal example, upon the Christian duty of caring for the souls of their brother men, as illustrated by the life of the Apostle St. Andrew. The Archbishop's speech was delivered at the annual Convention of the Brotherhood, held this year in Philadelphia. Some 1500 members and delegates were present, including representatives from England, Scotland, Canada, and Japan.]

Brothers, lay and clerical, in the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, I thank you with all my heart for the words spoken to-day and for the enthusiasm of the welcome which you have accorded me. Again and again in these, to me, eventful weeks the wonder keeps recurring how I am to explain the

extraordinary warmth and generosity of these welcomes. I suppose, in the first place, that you want to encourage one who has come a good long way and who feels a little shy. You have certainly succeeded, until the impression that one gains from every gathering, and pre-eminently, as now, from a gathering of Churchmen, is rather a feeling of coming home to friends than of standing on a distant shore and speaking to people whom one does not know. And then, further, I am conscious that such words as have been spoken to-day and such a reception as you have given to them are meant to express what you feel about the Church of which we are members — the absolute oneness of our Church, the almost oneness of our nations. [Great and continued applause.] These reiterated cheers are the sort of thing which makes it impossible for one like me to feel himself a stranger in such a gathering as yours. We are one in heart and soul

and resolve, whether as citizens or Churchmen. Eloquent reference has been made to-day to what were rightly called the mistakes and misunderstandings of 130 years ago, and of other years since then, misunderstandings which have been determinedly and, please God, permanently swept away.

But there is, I know, in your welcome something more. You and we as Churchmen — and we are speaking for the moment as Churchmen and not merely as Christian citizens of great nations — care with heart and soul about the storied past which belongs to us both, the long and varied history of our Church in its purely English days, the constant guidance of Almighty God in the changes and chances of its life. These are as truly memories which belong to you as they are memories which belong to us. And no one can occupy the great position to which in the providence of God I have been called, without the very name or title

which he bears awakening thoughts that run back at once along the course of that great history which belongs so truly and so intimately to us all. Augustine and Anselm and Stephen Langton and Cranmer and Parker and many many more are every whit as truly yours as they are mine.

So it is in that sense also that I rejoice to receive at your hands the kindly and enthusiastic welcome which you have given me to-day, and, from the chair whose great tradition you honour, to wish you with my whole heart God-speed. For I can indeed say that it is to me no small satisfaction to be allowed to stand face to face for the first time with a great gathering of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. In your growth and well-being I have long rejoiced. That you may be enabled rightly and perseveringly to use the best gifts of God I have always prayed. But there is all the difference in the world between that and the hand-grip

and the friendly looks which one finds on a day so memorable to me as this must ever be.

The thought rushes in upon me when I look around, as I do this afternoon, upon the ranks of those boys who are growing to be men, — whose development is the most important and the most potent part, perhaps, of all your work — the thought as to what must be, or rather, please God, what will be, the difference to the world, first to America and then to England and then to the world outside — say twenty or thirty years hence — when you boys have grown to be middle-aged men. These things fill one with solemnising thoughts and invigorating hopes. It is certainly suggestive to me that I should first meet you, brothers of St. Andrew, face to face, in the City of Brotherly Love, the meaning of that name suggesting the very keynote of your brotherhood and the purpose of its life.

About forty years ago, when I was a boy, the common answer, I suppose, which would have been given by good and earnest Christian people, had they been asked to tell to what effort we are most bound in the Christian life, would have been that each man was bidden first to see to the saving of his soul. We hear that duty stated less frequently now in those terms. Sometimes I wonder whether the pendulum may not be swinging a little too far in the wider range of view which belongs to the Church to-day. We may sometimes, perhaps, in that invigorating sense of the bigness of our corporate life, be half forgetting how vital after all is the personal relation of each individual soul to the Lord and Saviour who died for him upon the Cross.

Against that peril we must be strongly on our guard. But it is simply impossible to overestimate the gain resulting to our common faith from the new and stronger realisa-

tion of all that is implied in the notion of a city of God on earth, a living kingdom of heaven here and now, with all the varied, all the mutual, all the active responsibilities of vigorous citizenship therein. We grip that thought as perhaps our fathers hardly did. And then we ask, How are we to make it a practical thing? The Brotherhood of St. Andrew helps us to the answer. First, it may seem a little startling to some of you if I say that, intensely as I believe in that power of individual influence which is the keynote of all that the Brotherhood sets itself to do, I should be rather sorry to think of either a man or a boy sitting down deliberately to think about his influence for the betterment of others. There is surely another road by which we are better to make our influence live and grow and bear the fruit God means that it should than by ourselves dwelling upon and thinking about that power too much. Surely our first duty

is this, to identify ourselves with the full life and the varied interests of our fellow-man. Then along with that growing knowledge, and with the new prayerfulness which it suggests and makes definite, there will spring up, unconsciously to ourselves, a fervour of personal love for him which was absent until we began thus to try to understand the meaning of Christ's command. Thus, by degrees, that detailed and prayerful love for our brother, for "the other fellow" as your discussion to-day called him, will bring us to appreciate the glow of Christ's example, the intensity of His love, and then the "influence" will come of itself and the one life will "tell" upon the other.

Let me put it to you in another way. We, many of us, I suppose, find the occasional gain of comparing the Prayer Book as we use it in England with what is practically the same Prayer Book used by you here in the United States. One of the points in which your book

has, I think, an advantage over ours is this: you are allowed occasionally to substitute for the recital of the Ten Commandments the recital of Our Blessed Lord's summary thereof, and are thus reminded at the most solemn moment conceivable, the moment when you are about to communicate, how our Saviour set before us the duty of using, in our love whether for God or for our fellow-man, every possible power that we possess. "Thou shalt love . . . with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind." Throw your whole being into it. Put forth all that you have and are. Remember the process by which a little child comes to have for its father or mother a full and "capable" love. It begins with the mere emotion, the almost animal thing, as the baby stretches its arms in the cradle and its pulse beats faster and it loves with all its heart. Then by degrees comes the higher stage; the soul comes into play and the loyal devotion of spirit finds expression, the love with all the

soul. And then, lastly, comes the call upon the intelligence, the thoughtfulness, the mind. Just in the same way you are bidden to ask yourself whether in your love for him whom you call "the other fellow," you are putting forth every power of mind as well as of heart and soul, taking care to be at your best; to fit yourself in every way to be trusted, to be worth leaning upon, worth trusting. I cannot help recalling here in Philadelphia, with all the suggestions ancient and modern of the name, the lines of your own Walt Whitman: —

"I dreamed in a dream I saw a City invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dreamed that was the new City of Friends.
Nothing was greater than the quality of robust love: it led the rest:
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that City,
And in all their looks and words."

Now translate into Christian terms that quality of "robust love," and you will find it to be the very thing we are talking of. It is serviceable and helpful, and, without our planning

about it, wields its high influence just because it is robust and strong. We need the output of all this power if we are, by God's help, to train ourselves to be fit for helping other folk. And that, after all, is what our Brotherhood sets itself to do. It is of high and real importance that we should, every one of us who can, bear our part in the corporate action of the Church we love, using the power, be it of the tongue or pen if that be ours, or the power of teaching, if that be ours, in such way as may be needed most. But the far harder and far more potent thing is to do the prosaic daily duty as it comes, with the full force of that "robust" Christian love whereof Our Master gave us the example. And it is upon that that everything else depends and turns. You remember how the Evangelical prophet in ancient days set forth the power of those who "wait upon the Lord." They shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they

shall walk and not faint. Mount up: run: walk. Is it what we call an anti-climax? Does it put the powers or the duties in decreasing importance? One of the great expounders of those prophecies in our own day has taught us that it is not so. Mount up — run — walk. It is worth while to soar upwards at times on the wings of high and holy hope. It is worth while to run forward with hot enthusiasm in answer to the call. But the greatest thing by far is what comes last: to *walk*. To go daily forward in quiet persevering resolve. Aglow with a potency of love which comes from heart, and soul, and mind, which is God-given and which God makes fruitful. Be it yours here, as a solid core of strength, a Brotherhood of those who care, to stand firm, to be absolutely faithful to Him who calleth us, and day by day to bear His banner forward in the thick of the world's strife, assured of the victory that, in His strength, is to be ours."

IX

SERMON PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1904

IX

Sermon preached in Trinity Church, New York, on Sunday, October 2, 1904

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." — St. Luke xix. 10.

It would be a dangerous thing for anyone to try to put into words — or at all events to try to put into few words — the surging thoughts which pant and race after one another in the mind of a citizen of the old world who, for the first time, spends a few eager weeks in trying to learn and to assimilate the lessons of the new. He can but try, when quiet moments are possible, to take some of the thoughts separately, and to dwell for a little while upon them one by one, leaving their overlappings and their contradictions and their blunders — rash gen-

eralisations here and inadequate conclusions there — to be sorted out and mended and straightened in the light of after-study and of after-thought. That they are, to a receptive spirit, thoughts in the truest sense "for good," thoughts brimful of permanent profit, no man, surely, to whom they come can doubt. To one whose work and responsibilities lie in the region of religious influence and action, the problems translate themselves naturally into Christian terms, terms of the New Testament, as he tries to apply them to the touchstone of the life and words of Jesus Christ; the example He set; the large principles He laid down; the seeds He sowed for far-off harvesting. May I this morning give you an example of what I mean? I have no special message to offer as from outside — I to-day only suggest a thought which must have been suggested here a hundred times before.

In no surroundings which I have ever

known, in no city which I have ever seen in any of the world's continents, have life's activities seemed to whir and buzz so restlessly as here. The output of human energy is at the full; it is the merest common-place to say so. The man who comes hither from quieter, older, perhaps sleepier regions is apt to be a little bewildered, a little dazed, even while he wonders and admires. And then this thought comes: How easily, in all the tossing of these rapids, must the weaker sort of folk be submerged, and go out of sight and out of thought! How easily, too, may strong people slide into a complacent way of regarding success in the energies and activities of life as the one thing which really matters and counts. *Vae victis:* The weak to the wall. That temptation is, of course, not peculiar to this bright and busy land. But it is here so obvious as to make it to a visitor a recurrent thought. Back, then, to the touchstone of the life and

words and principles of Jesus Christ. What did He come to the world to assert, or to do? Hear Him tell: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He cares for, and wants us to care for and look after, those whom in the hurry of strong, healthy life we may be apt to neglect or overlook. Was there ever a time, was ever there a Christian country, in which that reminder was more necessary than it is in the England or the America of to-day, and especially in the big cities of our pride and strength?

No one can look at the record of the multitudinous efforts and agencies and activities which are alive in New York to-day in what is variously called — according to the standpoint of the speaker — religious or charitable or philanthropic work, without realising that a great number of people are remembering that side of our multiform responsibility. But we cannot too often be reminded how

fundamental a thing it is in Christ's view — how He reiterated and dwelt upon it as a principle of quite universal application, not an accretion or an incident, but the very taproot of the whole. When He told men about the characteristics of what He called the "Kingdom of Heaven" — the new society He was founding upon earth, the new bond of loyalty to the living Lord, the new link of brotherhood with one another which He was fashioning — He laid special stress on one absolute and essential principle of the new life: namely, the looking after and caring for the weak. Be it always remembered that that was a new message. There had in many lands been leaders of thought and action and energy in war and peace, but none at all like this.

The world, as those great men had seen it and fashioned ideals for it, was a world for the strong; wisdom, power, beauty, strength — for these things men had been

taught to strive and care, and the struggle had in many ways been noble and uplifting. Christ taught a new thing. Care for the weakest and the poorest; the responsibility, the answerableness of all for the smallest and tenderest and least noteworthy in their community; sympathy and care for every form of human poverty in mind, or body, or estate.

"The Son of Man came to save that which was lost"; to help those whom nobody had yet cared to help. He taught this to those who listened to Him and followed Him; and they obeyed Him after He was gone. Somehow or other we feel (am I not speaking your thought?), we feel that it was easier for people in those centuries to do this than it is for us. They belonged to a little society which the world despised; this knit them very closely to one another. Their community was not at all like one of the world's great kingdoms; they had neither power nor

wealth nor learning; their enemies were strong and many, and they had to keep together, to stand shoulder to shoulder, to support one another, if they were to exist at all. When a new member was added to one of those little struggling communities in the back streets of some great heathen town, a child, perhaps, brought to be enlisted in their ranks by baptism, they all felt responsible. It was now one of them, this newcomer; and, however weak or wayward it might afterwards be, its wrong-doing, or failure, or perishing would be a shame, a disgrace to them all. It must never be allowed in any sense at all to become "lost"; all would care, all would be answerable. Christ's own purpose had been to care for each such little one all its life through.

Our difficulty nowadays, whether in America or in England, comes from the very conditions in which our Christian life is lived. Our surroundings are so widely different

from those of the Church's early days. In a certain outward sense the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and for that very reason we have lost the special feeling of the fellowship and brotherhood which naturally the Christians of the first days had toward one another. And it is scarcely less true to say that in the presence of all the bigness, the stir, the swing of the world's life, at such central spots as this, our power of quiet sympathy, or painstaking care for other people's needs and difficulties, is far harder to evoke and use. We know so much about all that is going on that we come to care less. The stream is so wide it must needs become shallow. Nothing happens anywhere but some hurried account of it must in an hour or two be sped throughout the world. The account may be inaccurate — half fact, half guess; but go it must, or another account will be before it.

These are amongst the conditions which we are called upon to face — not to wring our hands, and bemoan in perplexity the hurrying age, but to go forth unflinchingly, like the Israelite host of old. God has called us to live in the twentieth century, not in the first or second. This is the field wherein we are to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner. Christ does not bid us alter, even if we could, the general conditions of our life; He bids us try to inspire that life with the spirit of His self-sacrificing love; He bids us consecrate these busy hours to Him without bating a jot of their business; He desires that ringing onward tramp to be the tramp of His soldiers waging His war against ignorance and sin, instead of lamenting the conditions of our modern life or decrying its possibilities and aims, or closing our ears to its often confusing voices. How shall we be most loyal to Him whose soldiers we

are but by trying to make the very most of just those opportunities which are ours? And they are many. These things which we have been speaking of, these possibilities of rapid intercourse and wide communication, are, when rightly used, the very forces which make it possible for us to band ourselves quickly and strenuously against wrong, to drag evils into daylight so as to fight them better, to learn our dangers and to meet them. We have a right to expect from our Father in Heaven, not strength only, but protection. Our Lord asked it for us in His great High Priestly prayer: "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

Each battlefield has perils that are all its own; and there are those which belong essentially to the stir and haste in which we are called to live, and even to the wideness and speed of the knowledge which is within

our daily reach. We are furnished from a hundred sources with new facts, almost every hour, of what is going on in the world, — facts, if you consider them, whereof each carries its share of human joy and sorrow. Not merely the sayings and doings of the world's foremost men (a great speaker's audience swells, nowadays, to millions in a few hours, most of whom have never seen his face and never will); but things, too, which concern more directly and immediately the happiness of our separate homes — an accident here, a shipwreck there, a fire, an inundation, a great crime, or perhaps, somewhere far away, a famine or an earthquake, or the outbreak of some petty war. We read these things daily, and we can by an effort, not without it, realise that they happened only a few hours before, that the harassing anxiety, the crushing grief, are, even at the moment we read, bowing the head or breaking the heart of those on whom the blow has fallen; and

yet somehow we cannot bring ourselves to care very much. "I read a hundred such things," we say, "every week; how can I pretend to feel deeply about them all? And besides, it is only a telegraphic report, and one knows how things grow; how can we be sure that it is not untrue, or, at least, exaggerated — a mere newspaper story?" So we pass on to something else, and before twenty-four hours are over some new set of facts and rumours has caused us almost to forget those told us yesterday. And thus, day by day, we see and read and pass along upon our way with two habits, it may be, growing ever stronger upon us — the habit of hearing and not believing, and the habit of knowing and not caring.

Of course, we cannot wholly avoid these dangers. We must read and hear many things which we cannot and ought not to believe; we must know about many sorrows which seem to lie outside our immediate sym-

pathies; and yet, surely, these habits, however justifiable, however inevitable at times in the conditions under which we live, may grow to be perilous to our souls' health. Speak to God about that peril on your bended knees; ask for His guidance, that amidst the stir and bustle of this busy life your sympathies may be active and fresh and earnest; your aims single and straightforward, your trust in the victory of God unquenchably strong.

It is not a small thing to ask. The unending series of facts about human sorrows, brought ceaselessly before us day by day, is apt, beyond question, unless we are kept by God, to bring a deadening of the power God gave us of practical human sympathy, and to induce the habit of passing by on the other side. As Philip van Artevelde says:—

> "All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion,
> And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns."

You will remember how the old Friar John of Heda answers:—

"The worse for us;
He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusion and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity."

A man who has persuaded himself that the human needs and sufferings which are forced upon his notice every day are, for the most part, either unreal or unimportant to him, or irremediable, has missed the very spirit of the message of Jesus Christ. Do you remember how St. John in his letter, as an old man, tries to impress on people the intense power of the life of Jesus Christ to enlighten and inspire and invigorate human sympathy until men care with their whole hearts, as He cared, for one another's needs and difficulties? To be careless about it is, in St. John's view, the very negation of the Christian life. It is our practical love for our fellow-men, he says, which awakens in us whatever can be called

life. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not abideth in death."

With most of us, I suppose, it is not about the great things, the tragedies of human life, that we feel it so hard to arouse or keep up our sympathy. The very prominence of these things makes it easier. What is hard is to keep the eyes open and the heart tender and the mind keen about the ordinary, commonplace, dull people — the unromantic failures, as we call them — who are around us. Among the little communities of the early Church it was not difficult. It is difficult now, and thus whole numbers of insignificant, uninteresting, troubled folk come simply to be overlooked by most of us — lost, as Jesus Christ calls it. And I do not think it is exactly selfishness on our part. In some ways people care far more now than they used to care about the sorrows of the downtrodden and the poor. The way in which prosperous people looked down upon

common folk in the days of chivalry seems now almost incredible, like the quiet apathy of our great-grandfathers in England about the conditions of industrial life, say in our coal mines — or about the Bristol slave trade, or about the occupants of our prisons. Such wrongs and the writing about them rouse enthusiasm now. What does not rouse enthusiasm — what is too generally overlooked — is the sort of uninteresting, unsensational, common-place sorrow and drudgery and pain which are round us every day. Now and then something sensational happens, and for the moment everybody cares. Fifty years ago, in England, Lord Shaftesbury dragged into daylight the wrongs of chimney-sweeps and factory children, and many others among the downtrodden and the oppressed, and by sheer strength made people know and care and act. Here, in America, you have been doing the like thing of late on behalf of the occasional conditions of the life of working women.

What we want is that reminders of that sort should make us each one feel — "I am, as a member of Christ's society, responsible for seeing to it, so far as in me lies (quite apart from any question of cruelty, for that is comparatively rare), that no such life with which I am called to have anything to do shall be sunless, or helpless, or lonely, or overdriven. We are members one of another. He came to save, to look after, the lost, the overlooked. Can I help?" May it not be, in a large measure, just because of the lack of such kindness, thoughtfulness, and help that the ranks are swelled of the saddest, mournfullest of all classes in a great city's life? And we, as fellow-Christians, do we care enough? We speak with calm, sad acquiescence, as a matter of course, about "fallen women," and forget sometimes that there would be none such but for fallen men. Or we speak of an "abandoned" life. Abandoned by whom? By those whose Christian fellowship should

long ago have made abandonment of any sort impossible.

I have tried to suggest, my friends, just one or two ways in which we are apt to overlook, or in Christ's words to "lose," those who ought, as our fellow-members in His society, to be remembered and thought about by us all. If, in the hurry of life, we let these things slip, we are missing what Christ wants, what Christ meant us to be and do as citizens of His kingdom. It needs thought and prayer and brains, but it is worth while. Few of us here to-day, perhaps, have the power on any great scale of mending the world's wrongs; but each of us, every single one, has the power of making happier, sunnier, purer, the little spot, the home, the office, the workshop, wherein our daily life is spent. See to it lest even there, close at hand, you have overlooked some opportunity God has given you, some chance of mending something weak or broken, of finding something that is still

"lost." It is Christ's work. He bids you to do it by His side. "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

Brothers and sisters in the Lord, I have said to you nothing that is distinctive, nothing that is new, but, to me at least, the thoughts on which I have dwelt are very vivid at this time. These modern activities and inventions and forces of what we call "progress" — how otherwise than by their means could one like myself, with countless duties to fulfil three thousand miles away, be here at all, and yet keep in touch with his responsibilities elsewhere? These mechanical forces of ours — this harnessing of what we call "Nature" to our use — it is, or can be, a means to a beneficent end — the better associating, all the world over, of our scattered energies for God and good; the better co-operating of our militant activities — or what ought to be our militant activities — against

whatsoever in our common life is mean, or cowardly, or coarse, or unworthy of Him whose name we bear. To England and to America has, in the Providence of God, been given for years and years, as it seems to me, a trust of a quite peculiar kind. I do not stay now to dwell upon its high significance or on the history of its distinctive growth. But there it is, and we mean, please God, to use it.

We are resolved, shoulder to shoulder, to go forward against the wrongs which can be set right. And first and foremost we must find them out — must see that they are not "lost" or overlooked, well assured that in the task we shall have not the example only, but the living personal aid of Him who came on purpose to seek and to save that which was lost.

X

REPLY TO THE OFFICIAL ADDRESS OF WELCOME PRESENTED TO THE ARCHBISHOP BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE HOUSE OF DEPUTIES [THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS BEING ALSO PRESENT] ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1904

X

Reply to the Official Address of Welcome presented to the Archbishop by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the House of Deputies [the House of Bishops being also Present] on Thursday, October 6, 1904

Your kindness, my brothers, will realise that it is not an easy thing for any man to respond to such words as have been spoken to-day. I have reached the culminating moment of a journey, the importance of which, as it seems to me, has been daily increasing — a journey undertaken with a direct view to this precise hour.

I well remember the time, seven and twenty years ago, when my brother-in-law, sent by his father, the then Archbishop of Canter-

bury, as bearer of the invitation to the second Lambeth Conference, was welcomed by your General Convention in this very place with a kindness which profoundly moved the old man's memories, when day by day he watched, a few months later, beside the death-bed of that young man — his only son. And now it is my own high privilege to be the first Archbishop of Canterbury to stand here in person.

It was in acceptance of your Presiding Bishop's invitation to this Convention that I crossed the Atlantic. I understand the true significance alike of the invitation and of the welcome which has made each successive day and place so memorable. This is no personal matter, or your missive would have gone to one better able, from the range of his learning or the eloquence of his tongue, to justify if not to repay the kindness showered upon his head. It was of course in virtue of the responsible office which it is my

anxious privilege to hold that your invitation reached my hands, and that I stand in your presence to-day. One link or claim indeed there is which I possess alone, I think, among the diocesan bishops of England, alone certainly among all the Archbishops of Canterbury whom the centuries have seen. We hear much, and rightly, of the fact that it was from Scotland and from England that the American Church received the Episcopate, more than a hundred years ago. For myself personally that picture has another side as well. It is this: My ordination to the Episcopate came in part from you. Among those who laid their hands upon my head in Westminster Abbey on St. Mark's Day in 1891 stood the venerable and apostolic figure of Benjamin Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, who (as he has himself recorded) came straight from Egypt to England on purpose to be among my consecrators.

For that, and for much more besides, it is

my privilege to thank you, American Churchmen, here and now. To be here is to me a genuine happiness and a most practical gain. I come to tell you of the absorbing interest with which we in England watch your gathering strength, your constantly increasing use of the apparently boundless opportunities which are multiplying daily to your hands, and of our fellowship in your prayers for the spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and of strength. Some here will recall the epigrammatic words and the graceful and suggestive symbolism adorning what is now one of the choicest treasures of Lambeth Palace Chapel, the silver alms-dish, the gift of the American Church, which you sent to us three and thirty years ago. "*Orbis veteri novus; occidens orienti; filia matri.*" From the outward-spreading oak-leaves and acorns of England spring the alternate maple and palmetto leaves, fit emblem of the northern and southern regions of the American

Church. We seem to be rekindling, by God's grace to-day, in a yet larger field, the flame of high enthusiasm for our common life, which burned so clearly when the beautiful gift, "*pietatis testimonium*," was borne eastward by the hands of Bishop George Augustus Selwyn, "*pacis et benevolentiæ internuncii, ejusdemque auctoris.*"

But I am here by your courtesy, to learn rather than to speak; to understand, if it may be, somewhat more clearly than before the practical working of such a Convention — such a representative Church Council, clerical and lay, as has, in its triennial gatherings, served your Church so well for 120 years, and may appropriately be a model and a guide, in a large and general sense, for new departures of a similar sort in other branches of our Communion. To be present at your debates, in either house, during the coming week, will be to me a privilege of a most practical and fruitful sort. It is not for nothing that

I have been in touch during the last few weeks with a daily succession of your foremost men and have learned so much about the things which are at issue. Your problems are not all of them our problems. Of some of yours, and especially of some which concern the Southern States, we have no experience whatever. Of others we have ample knowledge, but under conditions so different from your own as to render the comparison academic rather than practically serviceable. And others there are, so like those which are set for our solution in the older land, that the arguments on either side in the controversy might be transferred almost *verbatim* across the sea. Anyhow, this at least is certain, that beneath them all we find an underlying element which is absolutely common to us both, an atmospheric stratum, peculiar, I think, to religious life and energy, wherein are organisms perplexing and even baneful as well as organisms health-

ful and active for good. Among them is the temptation common to ecclesiastics, lay and clerical, in every clime and in every century, the temptation to give "means" rather than "ends" the main place in our thoughts, the temptation to lose the true proportion between large matters and small, the temptation to take a petty view of what life's issues really are.

And, on the other hand, it is in that same atmosphere, happily common to us all, that we find the invigorating and helpful forces on which we can thankfully rely, the high enthusiasm and the pure resolve which spring from our definite and unswerving hold on the Church's creed.

I suppose it is true — but you, my brothers, can correct me if I am wrong — I suppose it is true to say that the business of any convention or council of the Church consists largely in asserting the superiority of the "end" over the "means" — in firmly subordi-

nating machinery to that which machinery is intended to produce — and in readjusting and adapting that machinery so as to ensure that what we are striving after shall be really attained; and that neither inside nor outside our walls shall there be any doubt as to what our main purpose is. And that purpose, large and deep and high, is surely identical on whichever side of the ocean the work-field lies. Naturally we want by all means to make certain that our Church system, and our Church rules and canons, and our Church services are loyal and orthodox, are coherent and straightforward, are reverent and helpful to those for whose good they are devised, and specially do we strive to ensure that our manner of Divine Worship shall be of such a sort as to evoke the very best that man can offer. But at this juncture, as it seems to me, the paramount necessity of all is that which concerns the family and the home, the common week-day life, that is, of the Christian people

at large. It is as their officers or ministers or representatives that any and every council or convention meets. Here (is it not so?) are the conditions with which we have to do. We can thank God for strong material progress, for an often high note of moral earnestness, and — here in America at least — for an eager output of intellectual force. And we are prone to be pleased and even satisfied. But it would be vain to ignore the warning voices which tell us, on either side of the sea, of a certain decadence in the definitely religious life of the ordinary home — a falling off, that is, in the very force which gave its distinctive inspiration and its distinctive power to so much of our grandsires' life. If that be true — and in spite of all explanatory qualifications nobody will, I think, say that it is wholly false — it surely behoves every gathering of Churchmen to consider well what they can do to safeguard the men and women, and above all the children, of America and of England

from a peril whose gravity it is impossible to overestimate, because it affects the very foundation of our Christian life. I am not presumptuous enough to try to judge of the degree to which this danger is at present yours. You can tell, as I of course cannot, whether adequate provision is somehow being made in the America of to-day for securing that the children of your people shall nowhere grow up ignorant of the fulness and the significance of their Christian heritage.

For old and young alike — and not least for the busy, active folk in middle life, on whose energy so much depends, we need to get down to what Kipling calls

> "The imperishable plinth of things
> Seen and unseen which touch our peace."

Some here will remember an eloquent speech in which a great President of the United States drew a contrast between the hot enthusiasm of an emotional hour, and the

permanent level of our common life. "I have seen the sea," he says, "lashed into fury, and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but . . . it is when the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its peaceful surface, that men take the level from which they measure all terrestrial heights and depths."

Be it ours, be it yours, when an ecclesiastical assembly, big or little, meets for high deliberation and effective resolve, to set ourselves to estimate and deal with the abiding level of our common life.

Pardon me, brothers clerical and lay, if, in saying those words, I have, as a visitor, taken undue advantage of your invitation to give expression to the thoughts which such an hour suggests. It is to me, occupying the position whereto in God's providence I had been called, a matter of profoundest import, that, in fulfilment of far-off dreams I should be here

at your bidding to-day. People speak sometimes of the "ties and links" which unite our Church in England with yours in the United States. But are the words appropriate? We are learning, I hope, to regard the relationship, in all essential things, as one of identity rather than as filial or fraternal. Our spiritual ancestry down to very recent days is absolutely one. Our power of mutual society, help, and comfort has been proved and proved again. In Lambeth Palace Chapel no instructed man can look round him without the inrush of thoughts, associations, and memories, rich and plentiful, modern as well as old, belonging in a special sense to you. If my presence in your Convention be permitted, in the providence of God, to promote in any degree the efficiency of our Church's life as a banded force for the bettering of what is amiss in public or in private things, for the ceaseless fight against impurity and selfishness and greed, against ignorance and apathy, against

moral cowardice and half-heartedness, I shall rejoice indeed.

Above all, if by mutual counsel we can better spur one another forward for the definite spreading here and now of the kingdom of Him who died for us and rose again, I shall not have accepted in vain a welcoming kindness which must to me and mine be an enduring memory, and which, as I hope and believe, will bear, in the older fields from which I come, its appropriate and abundant fruit.

XI

SPEECH IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, IN ANSWER TO A PUBLIC WELCOME FROM THE CITIZENS, ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1904

XI

Speech in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in Answer to a Public Welcome from the Citizens, on Friday, October 7, 1904

[The speech was delivered at the formal request of some ninety of the leading citizens of Boston without distinction of creed. Faneuil Hall has been known for generations as "The Cradle of American Liberty." Within its walls, during the Revolutionary period, the town meetings discussed the question of "Justifiable Resistance." It was the scene of that motion of Samuel Adams which, according to Bancroft, "contained the whole Revolution" — and since those days it has become the recognized meeting place of the citizens of Boston. The hall was crowded by some 1500 of the townsfolk, most of whom were standing. A further crowd of some 2000 people, who were unable to obtain admission, remained outside, and were subsequently allowed to greet the Archbishop.

Addresses of welcome were delivered by President Eliot of Harvard University, and by the Hon. Richard Olney, formerly Secretary of State, the first of whom, in his opening remarks, pointed out as follows the significance of such a meeting: "A direct descendant as I am from the Puritans of the seventeenth century may be excused, perhaps, if he feels at first a little embarrassment at this meeting — and when he looks

around this hall, and remembers that it was given to the non-conforming and revolutionary town of Boston by a French Huguenot whose people had been expelled from another country of Europe by another established Church, his bewilderment may perhaps be slightly increased."]

Mr. Chairman, I thank you and the distinguished speakers for the kindly words which you have used, and I most cordially thank this great audience for the manner in which welcome has been accorded to me. As life runs on one learns not to be surprised by the unexpected, but I think that if I had been asked a few years ago to forecast the things that were least likely to happen to the Archbishop of Canterbury in the abstract, or to myself in the concrete, as the course of years ran on, I should have imagined that a reception of this sort, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, was about as improbable as anything that could occur.

For that reason I accepted your remarkable invitation, with its long array of distinguished signatures, with the more gratitude and with

a full recognition of what it means. I should, indeed, be misusing your kindness should I misinterpret it for a moment as having a political or a denominational character, even in the smallest degree.

Your generous welcome, as you have already been reminded to-day in the striking and kindly speech of President Eliot, is given to one who, perforce, occupies a prominent position in the public affairs of England, and perhaps I may say it without egotism, one who has striven, however inadequately, to bear some part in setting forward what concerns the general well-being, not only in religious or even moral questions, but in social and educational and industrial questions as well. It is to one who has thus striven that a welcome such as you are according to me to-day has a very delightful sound.

There are in many parts of the world great buildings, the very names of which when one hears them suggest at once some great cause

which has there been pleaded by mighty men. Philadelphia, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Oxford — each could mention, could recall, such occasions and such names. But I imagine that few buildings in Christendom can show a prouder record in connection with all that belongs to the name and term, the virtue and the glory, of Liberty in its largest sense than this famous hall, the walls of which have echoed to the voices of some of your greatest orators, alike in times gone by and in our own.

Although I can lay no sort of claim to that ready eloquence of tongue which is to me so amazing a characteristic of the great people whom at present I am privileged to visit — a characteristic which fills us duller fellow-mortals who are born upon the other side with a mixture of envy and despair — I yet can honestly say that I yield to no one of them in my love for all that is meant or can be covered by a true interpretation of the great and glorious words Liberty and Freedom.

The courtesy of your act to-day is great — it is another instance of the strength of those links which have been referred to so eloquently this morning, which bind our peoples, as it seems to me, absolutely, indissolubly together, and are binding them more closely every day, links which nothing, so far as I can see, that can in the changes and chances of life come about is likely to sever or impair.

Among the many privileges which have been mine during the past eventful weeks, none was greater than that of standing by the grave of George Washington and being allowed to leave a memento of my having stood there by planting a tree which shall remain. And as I was there there came into my mind a recollection of verses which I believe to be as little known in this land as they are in our own, verses written by a poet who will be better remembered some day than he is known now when he has just passed away, Frederick Myers, who, while still a boy, wrote

a poem in 1861 upon the visit of the Prince of Wales to the grave of Washington. It was a boyish production, and there is not much of it that is worthy of more than that kind of immortality that belongs at school to the ordinary prize poet. But there are two verses in it which seem to me to have a ring which makes them worth remembering, and a significance which is appropriate to-day. Washington is supposed — the shadow of Washington — to be addressing the young prince.

"I crave no pardon, Prince, that, led by me,
This land revolted from your father's rod;
It was not I that set the people free,
It was not I, but God.

"Neither can one consent for ever bind
Parent and offspring, but they shall at length
A closer union in disunion find,
In separation, strength."

The links which bind us relate to the past, to the present, and, please God, to the future.

An eloquent historian, Edward Freeman, at whose feet, as a learner, I had a very few years before been sitting, called attention here in Boston some twenty-five years ago to the identity of our heritage in the past as a thing which is daily bearing fruit in the present, and no man surely can look back along the course of our common story without feeling that that common possession in the great men who belong to us both is something which, itself, has an inspiring force.

If Alfred and Stephen Langton, if Cranmer and Elizabeth, belong to us, they belong to you every bit as much. Your heritage in them and in a hundred others is as real as is our own.

And even in the years that have passed since those — call them misunderstandings or disputations — which resulted in our severance 120 years ago, there have been associations of a similar sort. Have we not had in the story of the memorable life of her who was

called to her rest but a year or two ago an object-lesson of how one great personality can do more than many political things or many elaborate efforts to unite two great peoples indissolubly into one?

I suppose it is true to say that for setting forward the principles for which we English-speaking people distinctively stand — the principles for which this hall has always proverbially stood — principles which have become identified with the English-speaking race, we, in a very peculiar sense, are answerable to God. The promotion of all that is meant by liberty and freedom under wise guidance and control — those are problems which have been wrought out by men who speak our language in the different parts of the world in which they live — and the modes thereof vary with the different climes — have been wrought out in a way that no other nationality, no other race of men, has known. Combined as they are combined to-day, Eng-

lish-speaking peoples throughout the world are, as it seems to me — if only they will use their power — absolutely irresistible in their potency for the world's peace.

And I am glad to have the opportunity of echoing the words that Mr. Olney has used, and of specially emphasising them to-day, when the great Peace Congress is taking place here in your own historic city — a gathering to which we all of us wish God-speed — to promote the cause of international amity and peace and progress. Our hope for the world's future is strengthened surely by our resolve that, in supporting the principles we advocate of absolute freedom, civil, religious, and educational, we will be pure and fearless and faithful in the application, under all our different outward forms, of the principles we are endeavouring to advance to-day.

Now, all this, as it is peculiarly significant here in New England, has a yet more distinctive peculiarity in New England for me.

I am, as you have been reminded, the first Archbishop of Canterbury (they have lasted for 1300 years, these predecessors of mine) —the first Archbishop of Canterbury who has crossed the ocean.

But I am not the first Archbishop of Canterbury for whom or in connection with whom such a voyage was in contemplation. There is a pathetic record known to some here, the diary which was written in the Tower by Archbishop Laud, the very man whose rigid government, whose autocratic rule, had led to the coming hither of the people who were to found New England. Archbishop Laud, writing in the Tower before his trial, records in his diary how, upon one sad morning, there came to him a dreadful rumour, a rumour about which he writes in terms which I should hesitate to repeat here. The rumour was this: That there was a plan being propagated, a plot as he calls it, to give him the worst of all penalties

that he could conceive — deportation to New England. He writes about the prospect with a dread which I am bound to say was not unnatural. For I am afraid that if that voyage had been, indeed, carried out, whatever might have been the consequences on either side in other ways — and it would be difficult for the most ingenious conjectural historian to imagine what they might have been — this at least is certain, that the welcome he would have received would not have corresponded closely to that which has been given to his successor after 250 years have come and gone. Now that fact seems to me to suggest a fruitful thought. Why and how has so great a change come about? Those who founded New England came here, I suppose, because under the rule that I have spoken of in the mother land the religious principles which they embraced were felt to be or were supposed to be intolerable there. And why would Laud or

his followers, if they had landed in New England in 1635 or '40 or '50, or in perhaps a good many decades after that, have found their reception, to say the least, a difficult one to endure, but because the religious principles which they entertained would have been by the local authorities of New England regarded as equally intolerable here?

President Eliot, with characteristic eloquence and point, has reminded us that among the mighty strides of progress which the world has seen made on your Atlantic shore, not the least has been the object-lesson given in these regions as to the true meaning and the true principles of the widest and the most universal religious toleration.

That principle is now so universally accepted among ourselves that it seems almost incredible that all our forefathers, practically without exception, would have regarded it as a position untenable, almost unthinkable, by an honest Christian man.

To-day we have, I am thankful to say, a constant stream of visitors from this side of the Atlantic who come to see the historic home in which it is my privilege to dwell, and as they stand in Lambeth Palace Chapel, the place which is identified with the last of the struggles, the pathetic struggles, of the old man Laud before he was led forth to his death, I think I may say that no visitors look upon those historical associations, those mementos of a day that is gone, with more tenderness and sympathy, with a truer understanding of what the relation is of this present to the old past, than do the descendants of the very men whom the rigid autocratic rule of Laud and his friends and colleagues had caused in the first instance to cross the sea.

That object-lesson has its deep significance to-day. We do get to know, as we read history, that there are not a few matters in which the obvious outside pic-

ture as it is given to the world misrepresents very widely the true and hidden meaning. Let me give you an example.

I imagine that there are few periods of the world's life and few characteristics in its polity and development which are more alien to all the thoughts of New England than are the feudal days of mediæval Europe, the feudal days, or, as they are sometimes called, the days of chivalry and knighthood. Chivalry is still with us to-day, but it has taken, and we are thankful for it, another meaning than that which it had in former times. Perhaps that other meaning, if we could get below the surface, had more of a place in those early days than we are apt to remember.

It was my office for some years of my life to serve as Registrar of the great Order of chivalry, the Order of the Garter. That Order was founded in 1348, as the embodiment of the ideals of knightliness which pre-

vailed at that period — knightliness and chivalry. It fell to me to be for a time the official custodian of the records of the famous Order stretching back to its earliest days.

And if we look at the actual record of what the man who was then enlisted as a knight was really undertaking to do, the oath he had to take, the obligations he had to assume, we find this, that his primary and central obligation was that he bear the arms, the red cross on the white shield, the sword with the cross at its hilt, and the rest, for what? why "for the just and necessary defence of all that are oppressed and needy."

It gives, does it not, a different thought, a different tone, to the records of those days, when we come to realise that the underlying impulse and purport of mediæval chivalry was meant to have that character? and although men then and since have failed to justify the ideal under which they were at first enlisted, that failure is not peculiar to

the age of feudalism or to the knights of chivalry.

For example, the idea of liberty here in New England was not incompatible with usages as regards opponents credal or political which would hardly correspond to our ideas of liberty and toleration to-day.

But we have learned slowly and by degrees, and not least by the example set on this, your Atlantic shore, to understand the truer and the larger — I should myself say the more Christian — view, the wider range of responsibility, implying a trust and an answerableness for the good of all.

I do not know whether it is true to say, as is sometimes said, that the English word "duty," in all that it signifies in its highest sense, has no quite corresponding word in any other language on our earth. All the words in other languages which are supposed to correspond with it really connote or describe, we are told, an idea a little different.

My attention was called the other day to a curious statement — curious if true. I have not yet had opportunity to verify it myself, but it is this. We have abundant material for the detailed story of European wars about 100 years ago between France and England. We have before us the proclamations or dispatches, if we may call them so, of the Emperor Napoleon, and we have the dispatches and reports of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. I am told that there is not one report or proclamation issued by the Emperor Napoleon in which glory is not mentioned, or one in which duty is referred to; and that there is literally not one report or dispatch of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in which the word "glory" occurs, nor a single one in which "duty" is not set forward as the central thing.

That, in a word, expresses what we mean by the larger liberty which carries with it the thought of answerableness. I suppose all

progress is valuable just in so far as it tends to what we call moral progress. Pardon me if I put it very plainly. A man I suppose may have, and often has, quite a different standard of what we mean by "morals" in the various departments of his life. His private life may be in domestic affairs absolutely moral; in his business life there may be a little less of that morality in its stiffer sense; in his civic and political life it may become a mere conventionality, and in his thoughts about international relations it may practically disappear altogether.

What we, who are banded together on either side of the ocean to support the ideas, or rather the ideals, which we think to be characteristic of our peoples, seek to do is surely this — to lay stress upon the illimitable range of those responsibilities and of that trust, and to show how these influences are as true in the civic, the business, or the political — aye, or the international life, as

they can be in the personal life of any man: that personal life for the usually high standard of which among our people we are rightly proud and thankful to God.

This is what we mean by English citizenship, whether that citizenship is exercised under a monarchy or under a republic. The outward forms mean comparatively little if the thing rings true.

I rejoice to have been allowed the opportunity of standing here to-day to exchange this word with you as to what we feel to be our common responsibility and trust — our common recollection of how the thing has grown, our common resolve whereunto, please God, it shall grow, for the benefit of the world. And it is because I believe that the gospel of Christ can do that thing in all these departments and in all these ways that I desire while life lasts to devote myself to carrying that banner forward and to proclaiming its potency against every form of wrong.

Gentlemen, I thank you most cordially for having listened to my words. I shall never forget what you have given to me and done for me to-day.

XII

SERMON PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON, ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1904, DURING THE SESSION OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION

XII

Sermon preached in Trinity Church, Boston, on Sunday, October 9, 1904, during the Session of the General Convention

"It is not for you to know times or seasons which the Father hath set within his own authority. But ye shall receive power." — Acts i. 7, 8.

I will not attempt, my friends, to say more than a very little about the peculiar significance (to him on whom the responsibility for speaking falls the absolute uniqueness) of the occasion of our service this morning.

We are met in a great centre of life and light and progress, in a region popularly identified for 250 years with a form of Protestantism which, to say the least, came to believe itself to be alien or even antagonistic to the Church of England. We are taking part either as

actual members and councillors, or as local hosts and friends, or as generously welcomed guests in all that belongs to a great Convention or Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and the preacher whom you invite to speak to you is one with central responsibility and authority in the National Church of England.

Let any man work out in its true significance what these facts suggest, and he will find abundant food for reflection, whether as regards past history, or present opportunity, or wondering anticipations as to what the coming years may see.

To formulate such thoughts is far beyond my power to-day. But I cannot, in this actual pulpit of Trinity Church, try to deal with what the text I have chosen suggests, without asking the privilege of saying just a passing word of gratitude about the man who for so many years was enabled by the grace of God to make this pulpit a place from which a message

went steadily forth for the good of countless thousands who never felt the spell of his great personality or listened to his actual voice.

It would be graceless indeed were I, of all men, to forget to say what we in the older England, and especially we preachers in the older England, owe to that presentment of the Christian Creed, in its practical application to the needs of thoughtful men, which found utterance here in a manner so fearless, so penetrating, so graceful, and so strong. The unflinching courage with which his clear intelligence seized and taught the definite Christian Creed and made it a practical and living thing, must be in the recollection of all who hear me. Listen to his words. "I should," he said, "count any Sunday's work unfitly done in which the Trinity was not the burden of our preaching. For when we preach the Fatherhood of God we preach His divinity; when we point to Christ the perfect Saviour, it is a Divine

Redeemer that we declare; and when we plead with men to hear the voice and yield to the persuasions of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, into whose comfort we invite them, is divine. The divinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, this is our gospel. By this gospel we look for salvation. It is a gospel to be used, to be believed in, and to be lived by; not merely to be kept and admired and discussed and explained."

Well, he is among the guides, the teachers, the prophets who have left us. Left us stimulated and inspired, but oftentimes half-hearted, oftentimes bewildered, amid the bigness and stir of the world in which we are set to carry forward the message of the kingdom.

"It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath set within his own authority. But ye shall receive power."

Do the words not give us exactly the

warning, the guidance, and the encouragement which these busy weeks require? We are reverently wondering, as we say our prayers, what, as the years multiply, is going to be the burden of answerableness — answerableness to God as regards both America and the world outside it — attaching to the Church whose representatives are gathered in Boston now. To one who comes from outside and, as it were, "looks in" upon it all at a stirring moment, there may easily be a temptation to exaggerate. Well, we do not any of us want to exaggerate, but on the other hand we must be upon our guard against lightly underrating either the immediate opportunity or the possibilities which still lie far ahead. How far in our warfare with the world's wrong and the world's indifference, have we a right to look for immediate results? Can we expedite them? If so, how? What answer dare we expect here and now, to our recurrent prayer? When

will "Thy kingdom come," here on earth? These are solemn and stimulating questions. But they are only a part of the perplexity, the mystery, which surrounds our whole life at present. In our Christian faith how many things there are which we would fain know and cannot. Has any one of us, in our best moments, stood or knelt beside a dying bed — aye, or beside an infant's cradle — and not felt the intensest longing to pierce that veil which hangs so impenetrably quite close before us, and hides from us absolutely a whole world of things which we yet feel to be quite near?

Look at it thus: Suppose we could now, in the attitude of reverent enquirers, have free access — say for a single hour — to Him who is the Source and Object of our faith, and could ask Him what we would, and expect an answer — how the questions would rush to our lips. The life beyond, what it really is, what is its bearing on these present

working years; the life within, what we vaguely call "the soul," what it is — its relation to the body, its being in the future and, it may be, in the past. The very world itself, how came it? whither goeth it? He has told us something about these things — given us, as it were, guiding threads to hold by, and no more. The whole Church of Christ — this His kingdom here on earth, what is its future? Will it grow to vaster knowledge, will it ever embrace all men in the faith just as we hold it now? or are we only on the half-lit threshold of the sanctuary, and will a fuller light dawn on men ere long? Will its glories lie open some day here on earth, to those who shall fill our places in the years or centuries to come? These and a hundred other questions rise unbidden as we dream, and we rouse ourselves and find them unanswered — probably for us here unanswerable.

Now, it is almost cheering, is it not, when we

feel the inrush of these eager questionings, to find that in the Apostles' day it was just the same? Look at the scene from which the text is taken.

It is Ascension-tide. The Apostles are with the risen Lord upon the Mount of Olives — the scene of so much teaching and so many deeds of love; in sight probably of the Temple's glistening pinnacles and broad courtyards; in sight, it may be, of the rock of Golgotha and the Olives of Gethsemane. He, their Master, in His new and glorious risen life, has been with them for those days, teaching them, we are expressly told, the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God, the principles and work of the Church which they are to found and nurture when He is gone. And they are still bewildered. They long, in all reverent loyalty, to know how and when it is all to be. What are to be the conditions and the outcome of their work? Is Israel still to be the centre? What of the great world-power of Rome,

which has its foot so firmly in their land? How and when is this kingdom to come? It was an honest, reverent question. "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?"

And He answers, but not as they had wished —

"*It is not for you to know times or seasons which the Father hath set within His own authority.*" *But* [this is certain, this is My promise] *ye shall receive power.* You have work to do. I give it to you to do for Me. Have no fear, then, for its issue. "*Ye shall receive power.*"

It was an answer of tremendous significance, and not for those enquirers only. God's purposes, the Lord says, will be worked out and fulfilled in His own time and in His own way. The "how" and the "when" are His, not yours. They are not among "the things which are revealed." They are "the secret things which belong unto the Lord our God." For

yourselves, forward to your work, taking each day's task as it comes. The victory is the Lord's. You may trust him. "*Ye shall receive power.*"

How often in the busy tempestuous years that followed they must have looked back to that day on Olivet, and that last spoken promise of the Lord's, and found it come true.

They did not know, they did not guess, the times and the seasons. The vision even of eighteen Christian centuries would have dazed them had they seen it, and it was hidden from their eyes.

A few short years and the work of those few poor men, done in the name and strength of their risen and ascended Lord, was to shake the world.

It is a truism to say that as a mere fact of history there is absolutely nothing to compare with what was effected in the lifetime of these men. The early childhood of the Church of Christ is, of course, in great measure hidden from our sight. After its very earliest days,

the days of which this very book tells, we know scarcely anything about it until it reappears to view — reappears just about the time that the last group of these Apostles were passing from their work to their reward. And then — then we can see the results of that promise, "*Ye shall receive power.*" What we see is this — the world has in its midst, as the most potent of its growing forces, a new Society, a new Literature, a new Spirit, none of which were there before.

They have been pictured to us by a brilliant student of those early days.

A new Society. Whether in the bustling streets and quays and markets of great cities, or in the highland villages of Greece and Asia Minor, or on the busy coast of Africa, or in the synagogues of Jerusalem itself, a new Society is at work, quietly, irresistibly growing and making way. While the glimmering taper, it has been said, of philosophers and wise men was burning pale and paler as amid the

vapours of a tomb, the torch of a new life, upheld by the hands of the Tarsian tent-maker, and the Galilean fishermen, had flashed from Damascus to Antioch, from Antioch to Athens, from Athens to Imperial Rome.

And a new Literature was born. The Hebrew Scriptures are, as it were, unfrozen for the world, and become a fertilising stream for the nations of the earth, as the Christian teacher brings their message and their meaning into every circle of life, nay into every household and every home.

And a new Spirit was born — the new spirit of self-sacrificing love to God and man; the spirit which (absolutely for the first time in human history) began to expel cruelty and violence, not by counter-violence, but by gentleness, passion by self-control, hardness by pity, pride by humility, and impurity by chivalrous fight.

"*Ye shall receive power.*" Had not the

words proved true — far truer than anyone would have dared to dream?

And, brothers and sisters, that "power," these forces, are living things for us here and now, because they come to us straight from our living Lord. As we read or teach the story of those words we find ourselves dealing, not with something past and gone, but with the present, with the weapons and the forces that He gives us now. Into that once new Society we are one and all baptized. That once new Literature is the charter and the utterance of our Holy Faith. That once new Spirit impregnates the very atmosphere of our up-bringing and our daily life.

And the record of what the Lord wrought in His Church's earliest days, is but the pledge and the assurance of what is practical — what is within reach — for the Church's humble, faithful workers still, in any battlefield whereon He bids them bear His banner and marshal their forces for the fight.

And so we turn quite naturally and simply to the special thoughts which are in our hearts this morning. We find ourselves — so at least it seems to me — standing at a great juncture in the modern story of Christian life and progress, especially in English-speaking lands. These eventful years are seeing a new start made in many of our plans and doings. And we are bringing it all to our Lord Himself, and laying at His feet our new opportunities that He may teach us to use them aright. We are puzzled, we are perhaps half frightened, but we are brimful of hope, brimful of enthusiastic resolve. We wonder whereunto it will all lead. Is it to be ours, under the new conditions, to get our common life permeated and coloured through and through, to a degree we have in recent years not known before, with the spirit of the Gospel, the spirit of Christ's love and Christ's example, and thus to endow our people's lives with a new and nobler strength? Is all that coming now? and are we

indeed to be the people He trusts to do it? Will it come about nowadays in our time, affecting the home life of those whom we are teaching and caring for and praying for? Or must it wait? Is this cock-crow? or dawn? or sunrise? or is noon near? We keep wondering, and the answer comes. "*It is not for you to know times or seasons, which the Father hath set within His own authority. But ye shall receive power. . . . Ye shall be My witnesses.*"

My friends, you are obviously very much better able than I am to translate all these general thoughts into the practical prose of your own duties and your own expectations and your own immediate task.

But I should like everybody here to feel that whatever the Church (and I use that word in a very large sense) — whatever the Church in America sets out to do afresh for our Master's cause evokes in England something much more than our mere sympathy; it evokes our

eager co-operation, so far as that is possible, and our reiterated and definite prayers.

For in good truth we see and know that you in the United States are face to face in this our day with problems bewildering in their greatness and complexity. No Christian nation has ever before now in the world's story had to deal with such a gigantic and rapid and continuous transfer to its own shores of people from other lands, people of divers creeds and tongues and races, in different stages of civilisation, who have got to be assimilated and combined and nationalised, and that speedily, if harm and confusion are not to ensue.

By long experience of it upon a smaller scale you have been trained and disciplined for this peculiar task.

But to an outside observer, like myself, who has striven to understand and compare your recent statistical returns with those of former years, and to weigh, so far as a mere observer

can, the significance of the changes which have come about in the nationalities and in the caliber of your immigration stream, the formidableness of the problem seems to have increased strangely in the last ten years.

It raises — is it not so? — almost novel questions about the perilous aggregation of the incoming hosts in great racial groups, and about the stamina, moral and physical, of those who now mainly come. Nothing I suppose is more clear in the world's past story than that the chief co-ordinating force — where co-ordination was difficult — has been religious force, that is to say, for us, the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. How you may best bring that force to bear I am not presumptuous enough to try to know. When, and with what speed, and through what channels direct or indirect it can be done, I dare not even guess. But no Christian man, I imagine, will gainsay the truth that if the thing is to be done at all it is the Gospel

that must do it. Well! "*It is not for you to know times or seasons. . . . But ye shall receive power.*"

And as we look onward, and think of those who are to be, say, in twenty years' time, the strength and backbone of the nation, the problem seems to grow — I again dare to speak as an outside observer, who may easily be wrong — it seems to grow heavier and more complex still. Presumably you do mean that by some means or other those countless children of your incomers are — where their parents will allow it — to receive a knowledge of the elements of that Faith which is our heritage and, on either side of the sea, the real source of our national strength and character. But we who know your resolve, and your resourcefulness, and your proved capability for such tasks, realise too the magnitude of the problem before you, and assure you from our hearts of our watchful sympathy, and of any such indirect co-operation as might, if it

were only possible, strengthen your hands for so mighty and yet so essential an emprise. The Lord's promise stands, "*Ye shall receive power.*" It would be easy to multiply examples of the vast and varied trust which God is giving to you. I have touched two points only. We respect the burden. We join our prayers with yours; and we know that if, together and apart, we be but faithful, the issue cannot in the end be doubtful. "*Ye shall receive power.*" May He "within whose own authority are set the times and the seasons" which are beyond our ken, give at this hour wisdom to your counsels and at all times enthusiasm to your work. He gave, He still gives, a bright assurance to the Church, or to the individual who proves faithful. "I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience." May He grant a high fulfilment to our hopes: a large answer to our prayers. He will.

XIII

SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARK STREET CHURCH, BOSTON, IN REPLY TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM THE EVANGELICAL MINISTERS OF BOSTON AND THE STUDENTS OF THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF BOSTON (METHODIST) UNIVERSITY, ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1904

XIII

Speech delivered in Park Street Church, Boston, in Reply to an Address of Welcome from the Evangelical Ministers of Boston and the Students of the Theological Department of Boston (Methodist) University, on Monday, October 10, 1904

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen — or may I rather say, Christian Friends: The occasions are not few on which I have been allowed during the last few weeks to return thanks to assemblies in which I have received a welcome, but I can honestly say that I have never done so more heartily or with an ampler sense of the significance of the gathering than I do to-day in thanking you. The words of your President, recalling his visits to the ancient city of Canterbury, have suggested to me

many memories and many hopes. Among the memories stands this: Our Cathedral of Canterbury is the one cathedral, so far as I know, in our English communion, certainly the one cathedral in England, within whose walls is held to this day a regular service of the French Protestant Church. They are the Protestants who were expelled centuries ago from France, and whose pathetic history, with the story of their welcome within our ancient walls, forms so significant an episode in the history of religion, not in England only, but in France. The occasion, however, of our gathering to-day suggests to my mind a scene in comparison with which the antiquities of Canterbury itself are modern. For this morning, after listening, sir, to your eloquent words, and meditating upon the contrast which they suggest with things that happened some two hundred and sixty years ago, doings associated in part with the name of one of my predecessors, Archbishop William Laud, my thoughts run back,

not a few centuries, but a few thousand years. About four thousand years ago a little gathering took place in one of the palaces of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and you know as well as I the record of what happened, and will recall to-day these words: "Joseph said unto his brethren, 'be not grieved nor angry with yourselves, for God did send me before you to preserve life.'" To preserve life. Can anyone look back to what happened in the earlier part of the seventeenth century and not see the guiding hand of God, Who planned that when those first pioneers crossed the sea they should be the founders of that strong and vigorous religious life which might otherwise have been so hard to maintain in the new England of the days that were to follow? To preserve life. We emphasise that thought by our gathering to-day, for what is it which has brought us together? It is the recognition of the need of our standing shoulder to shoulder now in promoting and setting forward that kind of

religious earnestness of purpose and depth of religious conviction which, when combined with absolute liberty and freedom, have given strength and character to the national life of English-speaking people on either side of the ocean. That is what we are doing to-day. There is abundant evil around us, and we meet as Christians to encourage one another to fight and conquer it, and perhaps Boston is, of all places on earth, the place where this may most appropriately be done. For, my friends, the fact of our meeting within these walls suggests contrasts as well as likenesses. I fancy that a good many of my spiritual ancestry in the old Church of England and of your spiritual ancestry in New England would have looked askance at the gathering of to-day. Let me take, for example, two men who were living at the same time about one hundred and sixty years ago, one in this land and the other in Old England, Jonathan Edwards and Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London. I need

not discuss Jonathan Edwards, for you know the facts about him as well or better than I do, and can estimate how far we have stepped forward in the way of Christian largeness of soul, Christian sympathy, and Christian tolerance since the time when he was so effectively and so uncompromisingly expounding the Word of God in this land. I mention as the other man Edmund Gibson, for this reason: he was Bishop of London, and in that capacity had a kind of nominal jurisdiction over ecclesiastical affairs in the English lands beyond the sea. Now, I found the other day, in looking over a great scrap-book preserved at Lambeth, some of the original correspondence about New England two hundred and seventy years ago. Among the letters was one which Edmund Gibson wrote to the Secretary of State in England to complain that the ministers of religion in Massachusetts were reported to be doing strange things; that they had met in Boston to protest as a Synod

against immorality and wrong, and to combine themselves together to try to set those wrongs right. The Bishop — a good and earnest and a very learned man — is alarmed; he thinks that such a meeting of sectaries portends difficulty for the future and may set an inconvenient precedent, and he suggests to the Secretary of State that orders be sent, not to dissolve this Synod — for to dissolve it might seem to imply that it had been legitimately convened — but rather to bring it to an end in a peremptory way without any formal dissolution, so as to leave no trace of its having been held at all. The suggestion made took effect, as the correspondence shows. I have purposely told you this unreservedly, because I do not wish to shield my own spiritual ancestry from the blame their conduct deserves, and it is better, I think, for me to blame my own ancestry than yours. I will leave you to portray for yourselves what were at that time the corresponding feelings among religious leaders

on this side of the sea with regard to the Church of England and her Bishops and their doings. Now, for my point. How strangely does the spirit which then prevailed run counter, not only to the teachings of the earliest days of Christianity, but also to the teachings which had been imported by many of your own first settlers with regard to their relation to the Mother Church of England. Some here will, I think, remember the striking letter written by John Winthrop and his friends when they started on their voyage from the mother country in, I think, the year 1631. There were no ocean greyhounds in those days, and the ships which brought Winthrop and his company, the Puritan band several hundred strong, were delayed for, I think, a fortnight and two days off the Isle of Wight.

While there they wrote to the Church authorities at home:—

"We desire you would be pleased to take notice of our company as those who esteem it our honour to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear Mother. Neither can we part from our native country where she specially resideth without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes, ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation we have received in her bosom and sucked from her breasts. We leave it, therefore, not as loathing that milk with which we were nursed, but blessing God for the parentage and education as members of the same body, and shall always rejoice in her good, and unfeignedly grieve for any sorrow that shall ever betide her, and while we have breath sincerely desire and endeavour the continuance and abundance of her welfare, with the enlargement of her bounds in the kingdom of Christ Jesus."

Such was the spirit that prevailed when some of your predecessors first landed here. How different from the spirit which came to prevail a century later. Therefore, friends, we are in one sense, all of us, loyal to-day to our spiritual ancestry. We meet to band and strengthen one another in union and fellowship in the faith of Jesus Christ, firmly believing that our definite opinions, various as they are, are compatible with the widest sympathies and the fullest consideration for one another. We believe our union and fellowship in the fight to be contributing greatly to the one force that can contend effectually against the wrongs and evils around us, with the sure prospect of victory which God has given us.

Do you remember the curious story of what occurred when the poet, George Herbert, died? George Herbert had committed to his friend, Nicholas Ferrar, the publication of some of his poems, and, among others, the beautiful poem

on "The Church Militant," which contains the oft-quoted words: —

> "Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land,
> Waiting to pass to the American strand."

When that poem was submitted, as was then necessary, to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for his *imprimatur* before it could be published, he said that these words must be left out, else the poem could not be allowed to see the light. Ferrar answered that he had no authority from his friend to alter the wording of the poem, and that it must either stand as a whole or be entirely disallowed. The Vice-Chancellor got out of his difficulty by saying that he had always known George Herbert to be an excellent poet, but he did not know him to be an excellent prophet; therefore he would allow the poem to pass, because he was not afraid that the prophecy would come true. In one sense the prophecy has not come true, for the religion which

George Herbert described as "standing a-tip-toe" in England found a very firm footing again before long. But the story shows the thoughts which were current and the fears which were rife at a momentous epoch in English History with reference to the faith which was transplanted to the lands beyond the sea.

These contrasts are full of suggestiveness to-day. Surely it is true that God has revealed to us new things about our faith and the manner of our holding it. We do not, any of us, abate a jot of the definite beliefs which, as we think, God the Holy Spirit has implanted to us, nor do we disguise the differences between one form of that faith and another; but we have come to believe that others are as conscientious as ourselves in their hold on the Christian life, and that their work as well as ours can be and is blessed by the Father of lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. That thought rings true for us to-day.

I thank you for welcoming me here. We in

England have learned in these latter days to recognise better than ever before how splendid an element in the growth of English life and character is due to our Puritan forefathers, and you in New England (the very fact of to-day's gathering is an evidence of it) have come to see that even among those whom your great-great-grandfathers thought were very black — or, at all events, dark grey — there is something that is worth having and holding, and thus we join hands in behalf of the common cause — the setting forward of our Master's Kingdom both in the old world and in the new. God has taught us to sympathise with those from whom even on big questions we are constrained to differ. Remember the phrase: "If you want to bring a man over to your side you must first ferry across to his side to fetch him." We have at heart the common cause of making stronger here in your great land all those forces which have in the past gone to make England and America great. That our gath-

ering may, with God's grace, cement more closely what is deepest and best in the bonds which unite us across the sea in matters national, religious, moral and social, is my eager wish and shall be my continuous and anxious prayer.

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